

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,784 Vol. 107.

6 March 1909.

[REGISTERED AS A] 6d.
NEWSPAPER.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	389	MIDDLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Debussy. By Filson Young	300	The McCulloch Collection. By Hugh	
After Glasgow	292	Two Friends: translated from Guy de		Blaker	306
The Truth about President Roosevelt .	293	Maupassant. By Alec Clark	301	Policemen and a Hero. By Charles	
Mr. Haldane's Estimates	294	CORRESPONDENCE:		Rudy	306
The M.A. Controversy	295	Competition—Below the Belt. By		REVIEWS:	
THE CITY	296	George Martineau	303	Ruskin's Letters.	306
INSURANCE:		"Pat" and the Curse of Erse. By		"In the Fight for Prussia's Honour".	307
The Prudential	296	Michael O'Connell	303	The Old Régime in Canada	308
MIDDLES:		A Defence of Pompilia. By Charles		A Conqueror of Persia	309
Novissima Scotia	297	W. Hodell	304	NOVELS	309
A Young Old Play. By Max Beer-		Text-Books of Lace	305	SHORTER NOTICES	310
bohm	298	The Name "Catholic". By H. C.		SUPPLEMENT:	
Fair Women at the New Gallery.		Sotheran and the Rev. Herbert		Turgeneff's German Letters. 1869-	
By Laurence Binyon	299	Thurston S.J.	305	1882.	
		A British Copyright Grievance. By			
		Herbert C. MacIlwaine	306		

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Haldane, in the course of an enormous speech introducing on Thursday very humdrum Army Estimates (Mr. Asquith would have said all that was necessary in a quarter of an hour), explained to the House why he grovelled to the "Daily Mail". "Because", he said, "owing to the weakness of our auxiliary forces the nation was never nearer to thinking seriously of compulsory service". Now, however, thanks to the halfpenny press and a wretched melodrama, the nation had shown itself "perfectly capable of taking care of itself under a voluntary system". Exactly what we have always said; the Territorial Army is nothing but an excuse for national shirking of the duty of bearing arms in the country's quarrels.

"Perfectly capable of taking care of itself under a voluntary system"! Because a mob of boys, who will never be trained and never mean to be trained efficiently, have gone into the Territorials as a sort of spree; precisely, that is, in the spirit in which they were asked to join. Possibly a hundred of these Territorials, if they were there, could account for one good German soldier. None knows better than Mr. Haldane that he was misleading the country when he said that the enlistment of Territorials had proved the nation capable of taking care of itself under a voluntary system. He and his recruiting-sergeant (or advertising agent), Lord Esher, are making themselves the contempt of every honest soldier.

Mr. Asquith has not been lucky in his latest recruit. Mr. T. G. Bowles lost the Liberal party Central Glasgow by more votes than any Liberal candidate has ever lost it before. The lion has not done so well as the whelp. Glasgow would have been lost to the Government whomever they chose for candidate. That is beyond doubt. But surely Mr. Asquith made a mistake when he nailed his flag to Mr. T. G. Bowles' weathercock. We can all enjoy Mr. Bowles' quips and vote him a very clever man. But politics in a great industrial constituency is a serious game.

Had Glasgow elected Mr. Bowles, it would have done a cynical and scandalous thing. We may dislike too much parade in party politics about high principles. Principles are often modified from time to time by the discreet politician. But the line must be drawn. It seems to us that Mr. Bowles played too fast and loose with principles at this election. He gaily chucked away the principle of Unionism and adopted that of Home Rule. If there had been a strong Brigham Young movement in Glasgow, we suppose Mr. Bowles would have declared himself a Mormon. A worse case of "Votes, votes, votes" has not been seen for long. Many Liberals in Scotland must be relieved by the Glasgow figures.

The result of the Taunton election did not "startle" us, but it is a little startling to find so cool a reasoner as the "Westminster Gazette" saying of Glasgow: "The result is what anyone sitting down to the actual facts and figures could have predicted with accuracy". There must be a science of electioneering indeed if, after all the speeches at an election are made, and the bad eggs or dead cats thrown, a man who has carefully followed the thing can sit down and work out the exact result! If this be so, why have a count at all, and ballot-boxes and polling-places? The result can be foretold to a certainty, by the "actual facts and figures". Even general elections might be settled simply by sitting down, etc. The House of Lords might be abolished or reformed by the same scientific method of prediction. But, alas! there

is a difficulty. Who is to decide what are the actual facts? The facts of electioneering are so often fiction. But it is not a fiction that the Liberal majority in South Edinburgh was reduced by over 2600.

It is no use for Mr. Birrell to struggle against his destiny as Irish Secretary. He must let disorder go on unchecked or be prepared for such denunciations as were heaped upon him and the Government on Tuesday. The Government tries half-measures and gets nothing by them. It has put in operation against agrarian outrages and incitements to boycotting in Ireland what is known in England as binding over to keep the peace. This procedure is under a statute of Edward III., and the Irish members say it is "mouldy". Their real objection is that it has landed Mr. Farrell in prison for inciting to boycott: and generally that it is of some use. Mr. Farrell was only treated as Mr. Wise the Orangeman was by the stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool, or as the Suffragettes are. Mr. Birrell has no right to complain if he finds himself reproached by Irishmen for doing too much and by Englishmen for doing too little.

Then on Wednesday the adjournment of the House was moved by a Nationalist M.P. as a protest against Mr. Birrell's suffering the police to waken an alleged exclusive dealer at six in the morning. According to Mr. Condon M.P. the victim was "torn from his bed". As a rule, to get people up so early it will serve to tear the bedclothes from them rather than them from the bedclothes. Anyhow the thing is always objectionable in winter. The Chief Secretary may yet earn some title such as Mr. Balfour earned. We suggest "Brutal Birrell".

Mr. Belloc made a fine appeal against the early rousing of Irish newspaper owners. It seems he would like to see Lord Burnham of the "Daily Telegraph" and Lord Northcliffe of the "Daily Mail" and "Times" torn from their beds at six o'clock instead of the Irish owner. Mr. Belloc did not say that he would like to see the "Morning Post" treated in the same style. Perhaps that would be coming too near home. But why does Mr. Belloc say "from their beds in Berkeley Square"? We had no idea that either of them lived there.

To Mr. McKenna the question of foreign granite for Admiralty works, raised by Mr. Claude Hay on Tuesday, is as disconcerting as the French tariff to Mr. Churchill. Mr. McKenna is not prepared to table the report of the official inquiry into the respective merits of foreign and British granite. Why? What economic secret would it reveal? The sort of competition which British industry has to meet appears from another question. When a British firm supplies granite for Government purposes, the fair wages clause is insisted on in the contract. When it is supplied from abroad fair wages are not considered. Hence the British worker or would-be worker does not get even the unfair wage. Mr. McKenna can only answer "This is a Free Trade Government".

Mr. Churchill, speaking to the Associated Chambers of Commerce on Wednesday night, gave a revised version of Free Trade doctrine. The claim was that Free Trade gave us a clear advantage in the markets of the world; Mr. Churchill makes it merely "no greater disadvantage", a transition from absolute gain to relative loss. Then why have Free Trade? If there is no advantage in it, why not save at least the time lost in talking about it? Though there is "no greater disadvantage", Mr. Churchill will save us from such by "retaliation", the most objectionable form of Protection. Thus he is at once a Protectionist and a Free Trader, but cannot see Tariff Reform, though it is between the other two. It is said that a sudden access of a violent atmosphere may have a confusing effect on the brain, but other Tories have turned Radical and kept their heads no more confused than before.

The Daylight Bill met with a wonderfully cordial welcome on its reappearance in the House this Session. It was blessed by spokesmen of both front benches,

though Mr. Lyttelton was not quite so enthusiastic as Mr. Churchill. The Bill has now passed second reading and is referred to a Grand Committee. This of course blocks it for this Session, but its good reception this year ensures its return to Parliament later. Mr. Churchill was speaking as a private member, not as a Minister, or the Bill would certainly have been passed this Session. Somehow Labour members seem to be specially interested in the idea, though their witness as to it does not agree. Anyway its inventor must be congratulated on his darling's progress. Laughed at good-humouredly (and we are afraid we were amongst the laughers) or contemned, his little Bill has come to be taken seriously by everybody, as it was on Friday.

Mr. Balfour, in the debate on the Supplementary Vote in aid of the Workmen's Unemployment Act, brought up sympathetically some of the chief points the Labour party have made against the administration of the Act. Mr. Burns has, he pointed out, altered the original intention of the Act as to farm colonies, which were intended by the Conservative Government to be a means "by which picked individuals should be fitted for work in country pursuits". Mr. Burns has defiantly set himself against the Labour members on this matter, and Mr. Balfour backs them up. He also pointed out that the Conservative Government introduced the plan of labour exchanges. The Government has had the administration of the Act, but has made no use of labour exchanges. Now, however, it puts a Bill for this system amongst the chief measures of the King's Speech.

On two other points he made remarks which show how impressed he is with the importance of the unemployment question. He asked why should the employer who relies on surplus reserves of labour be able to throw their support in slack times, when he discharges them, on to the shoulders of the ratepayer? And again, there is no provision for preventing the highly trained workman in bad times from becoming unemployable. The work he is asked to do now "he is as little fitted for by his previous training as a University Professor would be to cut granite in a quarry". We need not say that Mr. Balfour did not answer his own questions. The Conservative Government took tentative steps in 1905 to deal with unemployment; it appointed the Poor Law Commission. The next election will decide to whose hands the working out of these and similar problems shall be entrusted.

The Government had to put down a supplementary vote of £910,000 for pensions. Part of this was due to an under-estimate of the number of persons who would apply for pensions. A sum of £93,000 was for the extra services required of pension officers during the first year when the rush of pensioners was greatest. In future it is expected that only £40,000 will go to the pension officers. The most interesting point was that the Government intend to bring in a Bill to meet cases where persons have been found to have investments which would purchase annuities of more than the £31 required by the Act. Thirty or forty of such cases have been found, but none of them so bad as the hypothetical case, said Mr. Lloyd George, of the pensioner with £1,600 Consols. There is to be no public departmental inquiry or by Commission into the case of Ireland.

What looks like a very formidable opposition is preparing to resist the Bill for the proposed amalgamation of the Great Northern, Great Central, and Great Eastern Railways. Newcastle, Sunderland, Hull, Birmingham, and London sent representatives on the deputation to Mr. Churchill on Wednesday. The interests of these towns, some of which have their own docks and quays, and of their traders are said to be threatened by the amalgamation. The deputation want the influence of the Board of Trade against the Bill, but Mr. Churchill's answer has given them no encouragement. He very plainly showed that he favours the principle of these amalgamations. Competition has been proved to be illusory, he thinks, and if there are not open amalgamations there will be secret arrangements for pooling

which Parliament could not so effectually control. He said he thought they ought not to set their faces against amalgamation, and he should be sorry to see the House of Commons take up a prejudiced or hostile attitude.

With this answer, and a vague promise that in any Bill there would be securities and safeguards, the deputation had to be as content as they could manage to be. Commercial interests and the interests of the railway employees are both aroused against the policy of amalgamation, as may be seen by the dissatisfaction with the London and North Western and the North London Railways on account of the dismissal of their servants. If the Bill of the three companies passes, the opposition will be fierce in Committee.

The programme of the Chelsea lectures on Socialism is now out, and we see the large green posters in King's Road announcing the chairman for each lecture. First lecture—chairman, "G. K. Chesterton, Esquire"; second lecture—chairman "Cecil Chesterton, Esquire"; third lecture—chairman "A. Orage, Esquire"; fourth lecture—chairman "Hubert Bland, Esquire". How wedded to convention, especially social convention, is the average Englishman! It is said he always secretly loves a lord: certainly he openly affects an esquire, be he Radical or Tory, Individualist or Socialist. Yet, oddly enough, we cannot remember that there was ever a "John Burns, Esquire". There was a plain John Burns, then a plain John Burns M.P. Battersea is less genteel than Chelsea.

Turning to foreign affairs, at one time during the week things in the Near East looked more warlike than they have at all; but the position has now changed all for the better. Russia undoubtedly did Europe a good turn in friendly advising the Servian Government to renounce all claims for territorial compensation. One may be pretty sure that Russia was a very candid friend indeed at Belgrade; opening Servian eyes to the fatuity of Servia "taking on" Austria for objects the other Powers did not sympathise with. This friendly advice was no doubt pointed by thought of the danger of Servian madness dragging Russia into a fight quite unwilling. At any rate the Servian Government has been brought to its senses. Its reply to M. Isvolsky abandons all claim to territorial compensation and puts Servia unreservedly in the hands of the Powers in conference.

This avoids danger for the moment. The Austro-Hungarian Government seems to take a much cheerier view of things now and is not likely to jeopardise peace for the sake of secondary issues. But if Servia is to treat with Austria only as one of a Conference of Powers, there is a fire in the situation yet. Should Europe begin playing with a Conference, somebody's fingers, and lucky if only fingers, will be burnt. Austria has the whip hand of Europe; Germany will not interfere, and Austria is ready to fight while neither Russia nor France is. In such circumstances diplomacy cannot be a chooser. The present attitude of Russia, France, and Turkey, compared with their mood on the announcement of the annexations, shows this. A Conference may regularise what Austria has done: it cannot do much else.

Inaugurations—to use the American word for opening ceremonies—that mainly take place in the open air may easily be spoiled by weather. This happened on Thursday when Mr. Taft entered on the Presidency with the usual formalities. All was gone through under cover, and the oath was taken and Mr. Taft's first speech as President delivered not from the steps of the Capitol but within the Chamber of the Senate. All the customary flamboyant popular demonstrations, partly vulgar partly impressive, of the procession which always escorts the new President and the retiring President to the Capitol were withered by the blast of the blizzard. One intended innovation in the official programme, the presence of ladies, met the same fate. Apparently, Mr. Taft's first address was four times longer than Mr. Roosevelt's.

Are his Messages too going to quadruple Mr. Roosevelt's? One groans at the thought.

In Persia the situation turns on Tabriz. The town is strongly invested by the Shah's forces, but there seems little prospect of even an attempt being made to capture it. There has been some skirmishing in which the Nationalists hardly came off second-best. Fighting apart, the ability of the town to hold out depends upon food supplies, just as the Shah's ability to continue the siege depends on his financial resources. A victory for him at Tabriz might take the heart out of the Nationalist cause and enable him to restore order. Till then he says he will neither initiate reforms, whatever that may mean, nor consider the question of establishing any form of parliament—an institution for which he does not disguise his contempt. Clearly he is not much concerned by outside views or the inconvenience to others caused by the existing chaos.

For the second time in his chequered career Dinizulu has been found guilty of offence against the sovereign authority. Twenty years ago he was convicted of treason and exiled for eight or nine years. His return to Zululand and resumption of chieftainship on a promise to be of good behaviour in future was a mistake. Much of the native trouble which has kept Natal on tenterhooks was believed to be more or less directly traceable to him. His surrender fifteen months ago to take his trial disposed the sentimental to regard him as a maligned innocent. The Supreme Court of Natal has not been satisfied by the evidence forthcoming that he has been guilty of anything more heinous than harbouring rebels. He is sentenced to four years' imprisonment, to date from his arrest, and to a fine of £100. He has been ably defended, and the Court was at great pains to remove every element of prejudice from the trial. Dinizulu has been more fortunate than some accused native chieftains.

Before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on Wednesday the two editors of Poona, Mr. Tilak and Mr. Paranjpe, were heard on their petitions for leave to appeal from their recent sentences. They had been convicted on charges of seditious libel and promoting feelings of enmity between different classes of his Majesty's subjects in India. Mr. Tilak was sentenced to three years' transportation on one charge and to three years on another, the sentences to run consecutively. Mr. Paranjpe was sentenced to fifteen months' rigorous imprisonment on one charge and to four months on the other—also consecutive sentences. The petition for leave to appeal was based on various alleged irregularities, such as the improper admission of evidence, irregular procedure and misdirection of the Judge. The Committee found it unnecessary to call on the counsel for the Government of India, and without giving a detailed judgment the Committee said they could not advise leave to appeal to be given in either of the cases.

The decision of the Court of Appeal that a husband may make an insurance on his wife's life lays down a dangerous principle. It is rather unexpected too, as both cases and text-books had declared that a husband has no insurable interest in his wife's life. The law looks very much as if it had changed since the time when a husband's insurance of his wife would have been considered "mischievous gaming" on his wife's life. Mr. Justice Pickford's decision in favour of the husband was supported on his own grounds by the Court, and they appear, we must say, rather ridiculous. As the wife, he said, used to perform household duties and look after the children, and as the husband on her death had to incur extra expense and employ a servant, the husband had an insurable interest.

This reminds us of the hair-splitting in actions of seduction. The father may sue for his daughter's seduction if she makes tea for him at home; but not if she is living away. Will this sort of quibbling be introduced

into actions for recovering insurance on wives' lives? The older law was much preferable, which made a distinct pecuniary interest of the husband in his wife's life necessary. The Married Woman's Property Act enables a wife to insure her life and create a trust for her husband's benefit by the policy. Probably the Act is responsible for the judge's extending this benefit, that the husband may gain by his wife's death, to a still wider class of cases.

Losses of books from the libraries of the Inns of Court are not at all infrequent; but the disappearance of so many books more than ordinarily valuable from the Library of Lincoln's Inn is a serious matter. Most of the Inns have some treasure of books valuable for their age and rarity or historic association, and those that have disappeared from Lincoln's Inn Library are of this class. A manuscript valued at several thousand pounds was lost some years ago at Gray's Inn, and was subsequently found, if we remember rightly, without any charge of theft being made. Benchers of the several Inns are the only persons allowed to take books from the libraries, and they sometimes forget to send them back. There is a check on them in the memorandum made when they borrow and return the books, but there is nothing of this kind for the ordinary frequenters of the libraries.

The books stand on open shelves, and there is very little to prevent a felonious or absent-minded reader from mixing up library books with his own and carrying them off. Readers have been known to do so, and there is nothing to trace the books to their possession. The staff is not large enough for such a system as that of the British Museum; and perhaps it is not worth while having it. But it really is amazing that such books as those lost from Lincoln's Inn are not in cases, and as to them a similar system introduced. The pecuniary loss must be considerable. First editions of such books as the "Eikon Basilike" and "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio" and eight others are not to be got for £50, at which one paper ridiculously values them.

Authors and publishers alike say the past book season was a bad one. We have heard that upwards of seven hundred thousand copies of a certain book of photographs were sold. We must say it is a little hard on the poor beggar of an author when Royalty comes into the competition—to knock him of course clean out. The last thing the King or Queen would intentionally do would be to make the calling of literature in this country harder than it is. They are far too kind for that. But there is only a little money, anyhow, to be spent on books; and when one of these books reaches its seven-hundredth thousand, the others are likely to stay on the shelf.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Higginbottom succeeds Sir Douglas Straight as editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette". Whenever a change in the conduct of a daily paper is foreshadowed, one has a dread that some yellow reforms are in the air. Happily, nothing of the kind is likely to be done under the new editor of the P. M. G. The choice is an excellent one.

It was a famous name for many years in the country districts throughout England, that of Wombwell of the Menagerie or the Wild Beasts' Show, as provincials used to call it. Mr. George Wombwell was born in 1817, and at that time Wombwell's Menagerie, in the hands of his uncle, its founder, was a British institution. It was then making the name which still recalls to many of us early memories of Fairs, where we first saw a collection of wild animals. It was Mr. Wombwell who exhibited the first gorilla brought to this country; so says Waterton the naturalist, who stuffed the animal and mounted it. The last of the Wombwell Menageries has disappeared, though the only peripatetic collection of importance still derives through a female Wombwell. Such shows, we say fortunately now we reflect, are disappearing with the Fairs; but there are always "idle tears" for things one has known in early years.

AFTER GLASGOW.

IT is not good for a nation to have any large number of the people in a state of mental distress, and in the interests of the country we appeal to the "Free Traders", even among Scotch snow, to put their trust in the near future, when they shall be relieved from the melancholy of their youthful indiscretions in fiscal philosophy. They must find it a little hard at first, but they will survive it and be glad. A sick child is unhappy when deprived of poisoned sugar-stick, but it lives to be grateful for the discipline. Though the distress must be acute in many minds, the sufferers are not so many as might be supposed, and it is pretty certain that some who allow themselves to be called "Free Traders" are voting for Tariff Reform, an intelligent arrangement by which they remain on pleasant terms with the school in which they have been brought up without sacrificing the good of their country to it. The faculty of Mr. Gibson Bowles for suddenly finding salvation in opposites before the public is not usual in the British character, and for a time the charity of the ballot-box will continue to clothe the naked conscience of many a politician who wants to escape from the consistency of an erring life. So very bad is the Glasgow case that no one has even claimed the usual "moral victory", and it is hard to account for a change of 2500 in three years without "Free Traders" voting for Tariff Reform. There is no question here of farm labourers expecting increased wages through a duty on imported food, Central Glasgow being a constituency of labourers and employers as far as possible removed from agricultural interests; the very people who would stand to suffer most from an increase in the cost of living without compensation in increased income. Does it not look as if they had begun to examine the difference between a regular supply of food at a possible increase of a fraction and no food at all? Mr. Bowles himself made a "moral victory" impossible. He was most emphatic in making the issue "Free Trade" v. Tariff Reform, and Mr. Scott Dickson conducted his candidature with exemplary restraint, giving no Hyde Park promises of fullness and finality from an improvement in our incidence of taxation. This election in Radical Scotland, the most decisive event yet recorded in the progress of Tariff Reform, shows that the stage of abstract argument is all but past and that the time has come for constructive method.

There are internal details still out of order, waiting on the external triumph, and the first of all these questions is: What shall we do with our "Unionist Free Traders"? The Glasgow event ought to make it more easy to reason with them. Though the personnel is important, the number is not much, and it is unlikely to be increased through new candidates. At the same time care must be taken with these new candidates, so that they may not be in such a painful position as that of Mr. Bowles, who at the last moment had to swallow the Home Rule pill under the whip of the cattle-driver—without the smallest reward. The dignity of public life must draw a line somewhere.

Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, the chief whip of the party, suggests that the Free Trade Unionists now in the House ought to "stand aside" until the question is settled; in other words, that very good Unionists should be sacrificed because they are not satisfactory on one point out of ten. It may seem logical, but is it good Unionism? It proposes to give nine for one; but Unionism needs to carry Unionists as well as Tariff Reform, and the latter may be found very easy when the time comes. It is hard to be opposed by a friend like Lord Robert Cecil, but is it not a little harder to throw him over for a convenience that may be very short? In view of all the facts, he and his group might be induced to stand neutral in the House as regards the Tariff question, and then there would be nothing in the retrospect to embitter the future. Unionism will want men like these another day, and with some exceptions they have been chivalrous in minimising the embarrassments of their disapproval; very chivalrous, when we consider their service to their party for a long time and over a long

range of interests. It seems to us that good feeling and good sense may keep the Free Trade Unionists in the party and not endanger Tariff Reform.

In any case, before asking them to "stand aside", they have at the very least a right to demand that a definite programme of Tariff Reform be placed before them; a document specifying with authority the determined changes, their direction and their extent. The main objection is in regard to what they choose to call "Free Food", but there is no difficulty in constructing a programme for Tariff Reform that can have no effect in increasing the price of food. By far the most pressing need for the present is in regard to the foreign products of labour and capital which are disorganising our own agents of production in the manufactures of our towns; more especially such imports as are sold in our markets at less than their cost of production on a decent standard of living either in this country or in the country that produces them. This country stands in the absurd position of passing laws to restrain "sweating" and maintaining laws to invite the "sweated" products of other peoples into our markets; legislating to secure a civilised standard of life for our own workers, and perpetuating legislation to degrade them, by substituting in our markets the products of the degraded. This is the point at which a constructive programme had better begin, and the facts in this connexion are so demonstrable beyond controversy that if a man cannot see their force he can be asked to "stand aside" with an easier conscience. The value of such a man to our public life is at best doubtful, for this exposure of our industrial interests to the economic accidents of the world and to the abnormal effects of these on our production and exchange is no longer a debateable matter. These effects have already reached the length of even violating the fundamental principles of Free Trade itself, displacing production on the "naturally fittest sites" through the competition in products imported from sites less fit, and enabled to compete by abnormal circumstances in their production against which we have no security whatever without a revision of our fiscal system. These things have been long enough "in the air", the data of a faith rather than of a conviction floated on the illusive breezes of controversial oratory, exaggerated or minimised by party pleading; but once they take definitely constructive shape in a programme that turns reflection into action, men like Lord Robert Cecil may find themselves surprised at the smallness of the need for disagreement and at the greatness of the opportunity for reunion. The oratorical mood has not yet been quite disciplined to definition, but the definition must come, and in the meantime let no good man "stand aside". It would be a double pity if they were sacrificed to find afterwards that there was no real need for it.

It would also be found that there was no need to put any duty on foodstuffs imported from the colonies, so that with a duty on foodstuffs from outside the Empire the change to be effected would be in the channels of trade rather than in the prices of commodities. These channels often change without even a change in prices to assist the tendency, from co-operating causes of another kind; and if other Empires impose Customs Unions to safeguard their political unity and strength we might at least influence the natural mobility of international trade to promote commerce with our colonies in so far as it can be done without raising the cost of living or the cost of production among us. It might take very little of a preference to get from Canada a good deal of the grain which comes now from the Yankees; and with the various colonies competing in our free market these in themselves ought to maintain enough competition to prevent prices of food rising higher than they are now, not to mention the incalculable gain to the Empire through being able to control a larger food supply within her own boundaries in case of a crisis. We are so dependent on the foreigner that a few weeks might starve us, and yet a fractional change in our fiscal incidence might largely divert our sources of supply into our own dominions. Is it conceivable that Lord Robert Cecil would object to this; has he ever been formally asked?

THE TRUTH ABOUT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

POMPEY'S famous remark about the setting and rising sun does not always hold. Mr. Roosevelt still attracts more attention than Mr. Taft. We are more interested in summing him up, as is now possible, than in reading Mr. Taft's inaugural address. In private life we are sure that Mr. Roosevelt is a pattern of virtue. We do not require to be told that he is a good husband and father; that he pays his debts and says his prayers with regularity; and that like all Americans, he is hospitable and generous. We remember Macaulay's writing that if Charles I. kept his marriage vow, he broke his Coronation oath, and that his regular attendance at chapel was no answer to the (Whig) charges of misgovernment. Whatever Mr. Roosevelt's excellence as a private person may be, the fact remains that as the President of the United States he has been guilty of one act of diplomatic dishonesty, and that he has sanctioned several acts of financial dishonesty, all of which were hurtful to Great Britain. Let us recall the facts of the Alaska Boundary Arbitration, into which the United States entered in apparently the same sporting spirit as their representatives ran the quarter-mile race at the Olympic Games (which the "Times" urgently requested all Englishmen to forget as soon as possible). Under the Treaty of Arbitration it became the personal duty of Mr. Roosevelt, as President of the United States, to select "three impartial jurists of repute". Mr. Roosevelt appointed, as two out of the three, Messrs. Root and Lodge, who had to his knowledge written or spoken violently against the British contention. These two "impartial jurists" had openly declared on many platforms that they would never consent to an inch of the disputed territory going to Great Britain. The Canadians, who were of course vitally interested in the case, and who were growing somewhat weary of being sacrificed to our infatuated complaisance to the Yankees, remonstrated strongly with Lord Lansdowne against these appointments. Our Foreign Office "expressed surprise"; the Secretary of State even went so far as to say that the selection was inexcusable, but added, in the stereotyped form, that he feared protest would be useless. The result was that a few small and unimportant concessions were thrown as sop to British honour; the Canadian point of view was unheeded; and Mr. Roosevelt proclaimed "the greatest triumph of American diplomacy". The Alaskan and Alabama cases were similar. In both we submitted to an unjust tribunal in the fatuous hope of securing American gratitude; whereas we only succeeded in securing American contempt. But we must debit Mr. Roosevelt with Alaska.

The "Times", in a leading article on Thursday, describes Mr. Roosevelt as a man "who stands, and has stood throughout his Presidency . . . for righteousness in public life". We do not know whether repudiation of State debts stands for righteousness in the eyes of the editor of the "Times". But we do know that several of the States within the Union are still repudiators, and that President Roosevelt made no attempt during his seven years of sovereign power to get these defaulters to pay their helpless creditors, who are mostly Englishmen. We remember, some of us, Sydney Smith's amusing petition to Congress in 1843 for the payment to him of the interest due by the State of Pennsylvania. Sydney Smith said that the Pennsylvanians were "men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light". A few Americans privately sent the defrauded Canon apples and hams; the American press described his petition as "impudence, bombast, and impertinence"; and Pennsylvania omitted to pay him. It may surprise many to learn that the State of Mississippi still owes its creditors for principal and interest £6,432,000, that West Virginia owes £3,047,874, and that Louisiana has not yet liquidated the trifling debt of £184,432. The truth is that these States cannot be sued by their creditors: they shelter themselves behind the Federal Constitution. Then there was the matter of the San Domingo debt,

which was "settled" in 1908. The English holders of Dominican bonds were ignored throughout the negotiations, and finally were offered terms grossly inferior to those granted to the French and Belgian creditors. Was this "a square deal"? or does it stand for righteousness in public life? There are still three defaulting States in Central America—namely Costa Rica, Guatemala, and Honduras. The Monroe doctrine, revived by Cleveland and so threateningly preached by American statesmen, prohibits the intervention of any European Power in the affairs of any State on the whole American Continent. Does not this doctrine impose upon the United States, the self-appointed guardian of the Central American Republics, the duty of seeing that they make some attempts to satisfy their creditors? As these creditors are mostly Britons, the United States will neither allow them to collect their own debts, nor help them to bring pressure to bear on the debtors. The case of Guatemala is particularly discreditable to the American Government. Guatemala has been for nine years and a half in arrears on its external debt. The repudiation of the agreement made by its representative in 1904 was followed by a contract with an American syndicate in 1906 for a loan. In this contract taxes already pledged by the Guatemalan Government to bondholders under old agreements were given as security for the new loan! If an individual did this, he would be put in prison, at least in England. Yet this fraudulent arrangement was supported by the Government of the United States, whose Chief Magistrate is, according to the "Times", the man who stands, and has stood throughout his Presidency, for righteousness in public life.

It would be harsh to describe Mr. Roosevelt's policy towards the Trusts as dishonest; but it may be characterised as insincere. Certain it is that the Trust magnates fear the little finger of Mr. Bryan more than the loins of Mr. Roosevelt—and naturally. Mr. Roosevelt was the very man for them: the days were over for a subservient and oleaginous lawyer at the White House. Poor McKinley, the suave and open friend of capital, would never have done in these times of a sensitive public conscience. What the millionaires wanted was a President who shrieked against their creed, and did very little. The great campaign against the Standard Oil Trust has fizzled out, and the £6,000,000 fine seems to have evaporated amongst the lawyers. One thing Mr. Roosevelt has done: he secured the passage of the Pure Food Act by Congress. The honour of this achievement ought fairly to be divided between Mr. Upton Sinclair and Mr. Roosevelt. The horrors of the Chicago meat-packing business would have remained vocal but powerless in the pages of "The Jungle" if Mr. Roosevelt had not taken the thing up. Together the novelist and the President were too strong for the corrupt lobby. The Act was the strongest blow struck for many a year at the inhuman greed and revolting barbarism of the American millionaire. How long will the Act be honestly and firmly administered? Let Mr. Taft look to it. The establishment of the Inter-State Commerce Commission was also a beneficial act, which must be credited to Mr. Roosevelt. As we pointed out, in a former article in this REVIEW, the United States are incredibly behind England and Germany in the matter of the regulation of industry and capital. Many things, which we take as matters of course, such as the Factory and Workshop Acts, the Railway Commission for sanctioning rates, and the Acts for the Housing of the Working Classes, are still to do in the United States. In the direction of the State regulation of capital and labour Mr. Roosevelt's government has undoubtedly made a vigorous beginning, for which American citizens ought to be grateful to him. Nor can one wish to deprive him of the glory of having begun the Panama Canal. But when the ex-President is beslavered with indiscriminate eulogy, and held up to us by our own press as a model of public righteousness, and as the particular friend of Great Britain—why, "an obstinate rationality" induces us to record facts.

We do not know who the "Times" correspondent in Washington is. He may be an Emerson or a Lowell or a Blowitz; or is it only Smalley? Anyway he has been

allowed by his employers in Printing House Square to cable half a column of vulgar twaddle about the diamonds and the Directoire dresses of two ladies who shall not get an advertisement from us. That Mrs. Jonathan's train will depend, not from her shoulders, but from that portion of the person "où le dos change de nom" is cabled in leaded type between the news of the French Tariff Commission and the answer of Servia to Austria. Is it the intention of the new proprietors of the "Times" to convert it into a semi-political "Madame" or "Lady"? Or is it the truth that vulgar levity is inseparable from democracy?

MR. HALDANE'S ESTIMATES.

A MORE efficient Army at less cost is a tale Mr. Haldane has often told us; and once more his memorandum on the Army Estimates repeats the old platitudes. It is true that he can show a small reduction on the estimates of last year—a trivial decrease of £24,000. For his own sake and for the welfare of the military machine we are glad that he has been able to show this small reduction, as it will allay the clamour of the extremists for economy, with whom Mr. Haldane appears to be out of favour. Whilst a member of the most anti-imperial majority which has ever had the upper hand in the House of Commons he has had the hardihood to deliver a speech with fine imperial aspirations towards the creation of a great Imperial Army. This is of course an unpardonable offence; and, had his estimates been framed on the same generous lines, his lot during the present session would not have been enviable. His estimates, however, show no real reduction, though happily they are as usual presented to Parliament in such a complicated form that the ordinary layman cannot make head or tail of them. As a fact, expenditure has increased in various items, the Territorial force amongst them; but owing to a new arrangement which Mr. Haldane has come to with Lord Morley, the India Office rightly takes over an additional burden of £300,000 towards the upkeep of the Army in India. Thus there is no real economy to the Empire at large. One of the most serious questions alluded to by Mr. Haldane in his speech introducing the estimates was the serious deficit in horses. He told us that, even including all the horses registered in peace time for use in warfare, there would be a deficit on mobilisation of 106,000 horses—almost a more serious question than the lack of men.

By withdrawing one cavalry regiment and four battalions from South Africa, Mr. Haldane has been able to attain the Cardwellian dream of an exact balance between the units serving at home and abroad and save money. So he has been able to dispense with the provisional cavalry depot, with the provisional battalion of infantry, and with enlarged infantry depots. This saves £84,000; and it is claimed that this economy does not reduce our fighting strength one iota. Except that this involves a reduction of 1800 men on our already attenuated regular establishment, we have no fault to find with the arguments set forth. But we wish that Mr. Haldane and other out-and-out supporters of the Cardwellian dogma would realise that the slightest disturbance in any part of the Empire must at once upset this pleasing symmetry. There is no need of a war on our hands to do so. Disturbances arising, say in Egypt, might at once upset the calculation, owing to the need of sending more troops to the disaffected area. The Cardwell system, as we have often pointed out, has much to recommend it; and in the circumstances it is perhaps the most suitable to meet our exceptional requirements. But it is a fact that it has rarely been found possible for long to maintain it in its complete integrity. Less satisfactory is the statement concerning the field artillery. Mr. Haldane has been warned over and over again by Lord Roberts, Lord Denbigh and others, who from various causes are experts on the subject, that it was very dangerous to tamper with the efficiency of the existing artillery establishment. Nevertheless he has persisted in his plan of instituting training brigades with only a nucleus of regular material, instead of keeping

up the batteries which he avers are surplus to our requirements on a complete regular basis. This system is now in working order, and we have eleven training brigades, with a large proportion of the regular rank and file replaced by special reservists—in other words, militiamen—instead of having thirty-three field batteries consisting of highly trained regulars. Mr. Haldane, however, finds some modifications of his original plan necessary, because militia garrison gunners, mostly fishermen, cannot ride, which was of course obvious from the first.

In the £27,435,000 which comprise the Army Estimates for 1909-1910 the increase on the vote for the Territorial Army or Volunteers is £355,000. This is not excessive, although we imagine that the cost is likely to be much higher when, if ever, Mr. Haldane is able to fill up his Territorial Army. As usual we have had a good many speeches from him on the subject. It is better to rely on the enthusiasm for military advantage on the part of the nation &c. than to compel them to do their duty. But why should the burden be cast on the enthusiasts alone, if there are any? Why should they take on the responsibilities which admittedly rest on the nation at large, and in time of stress place themselves at a very possible disadvantage to their less patriotic brethren? It is true that, owing to various not very dignified methods, recruiting has boomed in the Metropolis of late; and on this Mr. Haldane prides himself in no measured terms. But such efforts can only be ephemeral; and we fail to see how anything short of compulsion can place matters on a really satisfactory basis. Indeed, Mr. Haldane told us on Thursday that, owing to the breakdown of the auxiliary forces, we were never nearer compulsion than we were a short time ago. Mr. Haldane will certainly leave his successor a hard task; and when forming his Government we trust that Mr. Balfour will be especially careful to place the War Office in strong and capable hands.

THE M.A. CONTROVERSY.

ACCORDING to the Oxford reformers the M.A. degree is a difference from the B.A. without distinction. They would have it a difference with a distinction. Accordingly Dr. Macan proposed in Congregation, the upper house of the University as against democratic Convocation, that no one should in future be allowed to proceed to the M.A. degree until he had obtained some distinction beyond the passing of the B.A. pass examination. We do not remember the exact words of the statute, but the formula we have quoted would seem to be very generous in its latitude. There is a fine air of catholicity about "obtaining some distinction" beyond the pass B.A. exams. A B.A. Blue should be able to proceed to M.A., or the President of the Union, or a member of Vincent's or the Stafford or Canning Club, not to wander beyond distinctions at Oxford. There are yet other distinctions, but they are usually incompatible with passing the B.A. exams.; so could not count for M.A. Unfortunately the Master of University in his speech scattered this appearance of breadth by narrowing "distinction" to "academic distinction", which, as the Master of Balliol said, practically excludes all but honours men from taking their M.A. The passman would be condemned to the indistinction of B.A. for the whole of his natural life. Most unfair; partly because the passman may have, and very often has, far greater possibilities in him than the average honours man, partly because a degree ought to mean something, indeed much, more than the mere passing of an examination. If an M.A. merely meant that a man had passed one examination, while a B.A. meant that he had passed another, we should say it was still a difference entirely without distinction. The practical outcome of this reform would be either that a large number who now take their M.A. would not take it in future, or a number whom the pass schools suit very well would crowd into the honour schools just to scrape into a third or fourth, one of the poorest forms of degree a man can take. A good passman is usually better than a bad honours man. No doubt some examiners would be com-

petent to weed out the passman going in for honours and reject him back to his own school. But this would be very hard indeed on the passman, whom by making M.A. contingent on obtaining a class you would have inveigled into taking a school to which he was not suited. To have tried to get honours and failed is not better but worse for a man than not to have tried at all. Altogether the passman, we consider, would be very unjustly treated. He is a respectable, worthy member of society, both at the University and afterwards; he has a right to live and ought not to be stigmatised as an inferior or unclean beast unfit to herd with Masters of Arts. If it is objected that he never is a master of arts, nor of any art, we agree; but no more is your honours man, no matter how many firsts he has taken. If to be what M.A. calls you is to stand as the canon henceforward, we must put off conferring M.A., if not quite till the epitaph, at any rate until the fifties, for most men. And few enough there be who would qualify then. Mr. Gladstone could have qualified, no doubt, and Mr. Balfour would, friends and foes interpreting according to the point of view.

This suggests a much more interesting and more intelligent reform. For we must say frankly that any idea of making M.A. depend on merely passing any examination should be stamped on as contemptible. We have outgrown the Victorian notion that examinations are the key to character and ability. We know now that they are the key to nothing but the crammer's cupboard. Why not defer the time for "supplicating" for M.A. for ten years after taking B.A.; then award it according to the man's record in real life? It would complete things beautifully, the B.A. being the degree taken by the 'Varsity man, the M.A. by the real man, if he could get it. No doubt the question of a tribunal is difficult. We cannot fancy ourselves at thirty or forty going before a panel of average Oxford or Cambridge dons to be judged on our merits as men. We could, we believe, with care and thought put up one panel of dons equal to the job—a panel we would not mind going before; but it would want many panels to do the work, and many competent panels could not be got either at Oxford or Cambridge, or a blend of both. We should have to fall back on Convocation or on a statutory Commission of the most distinguished Oxford men of the day. The great objection to this plan is that the modest man of merit and hard work would have so bad a chance beside the self-trumpeter. We do not say the noisy man would have nothing justly to be noisy about, but the good man who did not blow his own trumpet would have small chance against the good man who did. There would be more successful men M.A.s than brilliant or meritorious men. However, the conferring of M.A. would at least become interesting under this plan.

We are not able to deny that a Master's degree won solely by so much cash down has its ridiculous side. It must ever be on its trial. But after all many other graces and distinctions are bought with money; even decorations, according to report and Mr. Lea, and titles. If a University likes to give a degree on merits, and then allow the graduate for a comparatively modest sum to have the finishing-touch of a title of dignity, there is no great harm in it. No one is taken in. A man chooses to pay for the glory of a red hood instead of skin. Why not? Property plus intellect makes about as good and solid a foundation for dignity as this world knows. We are not at all sure Oxford and Cambridge would be wise to substitute for it a purely intellectual basis. We should like the classes which are called educated to live more by intellect than they do, but not by intellect alone; for one thing they could not if they would, not that they show any desire to try the experiment.

On the whole, if Oxford is in earnest about this, and wants to make the M.A. mean more than it does, let the authorities require four years' residence as a condition of proceeding to M.A., with a certificate from a man's tutor that he has done a reasonable amount of work in his fourth year.

THE CITY.

SNOW and fog and Balkan politics have really frightened people away from the stock markets. People continue to hazard opinions about the Eastern Question, and we suppose these shocks will continue until after a Conference of the Great Powers has met and separated, i.e. for the next three months. Consols, home rails, Yankees, Kaffirs and Argentine rails have all been weak and dull. We have often said that it is physically impossible for Consols to rise, and that therefore whenever they rise, say, to eighty-five, they ought to be sold short. The weakness of Argentine rails is due to rumours of damage to crops, which is apparently reflected in reduced traffic returns for nearly all the leading lines except the Buenos Ayres and Pacific, which never looks back, and has an increase this week of over £15,000.

There is a well-written article in that most excellent and trustworthy publication, "The Investors' Monthly Manual", on the subject of Russian credit, which is discussed on both sides. The strongest argument in favour of Russian credit is that it has never yet defaulted, and it is a very powerful consideration when we remember what the United States and the South American republics have done in this direction. On the other hand, it should be remembered that, however anxious Russian financiers may be to preserve their credit, there is a limit to the taxable capacity of every people, however patient and industrious. The Russian peasant is obedient and hard-working, but even he may be squeezed beyond the point of endurance. The ordinary work of government is to-day carried on in Russia by borrowed money: the revenue does not meet the expenditure: loans become more and more difficult to raise; and the wholesale corruption of officials does not diminish. There can be only one end to this, unless financiers retrench. Investors should seriously weigh the pros and cons of Russian bonds.

The price of rubber keeps very firm in Mincing Lane, the best plantation realising as much as 5s. 7d. a pound. The shares in several tea and rubber companies are well worth buying at present prices; the difficulty is to discriminate. The shares in plantations already producing rubber are mostly high enough. The best shares to buy for a rise are those in companies which are on the eve of production, like Kapar Para. Linggi Plantations are also a good share. The biggest producer of rubber in Ceylon is the Rosehaugh Tea and Rubber Company, but none of its shares appear to be obtainable. Rosehaugh Ordinary (if fully paid) are certainly worth £3.

We cannot advise our readers to take shares in "Lejeau (Paris), Limited", which strikes us as one of the most extraordinary prospectuses ever issued in London. Twenty-five years ago a Frenchman named Lejeau started in Paris the business of general carrier and contractor (that is, of leaving parcels from the great shops all over Paris) and also of street-sweeping, ambulances, funerals, etc., and certain work, not specified, for the Prefecture of Police and the Post Office. He was Carter Paterson and the dust-contractor and the Boy Messengers rolled into one, apparently. Lejeau built up a business of £25,000 a year by his personal organisation, and died in 1907. The business was carried on for a year afterwards by the Judicial Administrator for the estate, and then the French Société Anonyme was formed to buy the business, goodwill, horses, carts, harness, etc. The English company has been formed to relieve the French company of its bargain; that is, to pay the purchase money, and the yearly rents due to the Lejeau estate, and the unpaid call of £15 a share on 8,000 shares, as well as to provide working capital, or, as the prospectus says, "for general purposes, including advances to the French company". The English company has a capital of £200,000, of which there are 100,000 preference shares of £1 to receive 7 per cent. There are thus two companies working one business. There is the French Société Anonyme des Anciens Etablissements J. Lejeau Fils, with a capital of fcs. 4,500,000, or £180,000, and there is the English company "Lejeau (Paris) Limited", with a capital of £200,000, which has bought all the shares in the French company, including

8,000 shares with a call of £17,500 on them. In addition, the English company makes itself liable for the rents payable by the French company to the Lejeau estate, amounting to £4,971 per annum. There are two boards of directors, a French and an English one, costing, apparently, £1,800 a year each. We presume that the Parisian directors will manage the business, and the English directors write the cheques. According to the prospectus, after paying the 7 per cent. on the preference, there will be 9 per cent. for the ordinary shares; but this is leaving no margin for contingencies, and an ordinary share of that kind ought to get at least 10 per cent. Besides, what can the English directors know about a purely Parisian distributing business? Mr. Tilling, the well-known Peckham jobmaster, and Mr. Herbert Paterson (of Carter Paterson) are on the board. They know all about English carts and horses; but what do they know of Paris?

Two other issues of the week are the Law Car and General, which is rapidly extending its business, and the Mexico Transportation—to be known in future as the Mexico North Western Railway—Company's 5 per cent. bonds at 90 per cent.

INSURANCE: THE PRUDENTIAL.

THE Prudential has long since become a national institution, standing out from all other life offices as an amazing example of what can be accomplished by ability, energy, and organisation. The sixtieth annual report shows the company to be in possession of assets to the amount of £72,000,000. The total premium income is over £11,500,000, the payments to policyholders in the course of the year exceeded £6,000,000, and the total assurances in force under nearly 19,000,000 policies amount to £277,000,000.

The test of the worth of such a company as this is not magnitude but merit, and, judged in this way, the Prudential comes out exceedingly well. In the ordinary branch the bonus declared is a simple addition to the sum assured at the rate of 32s. per cent. per annum. For the most part the rates of premium charged are high, and there are many life offices which give better results to their policyholders. Although we believe it is the fact that the Prudential issues many policies for very large sums, it is not in this connexion that its chief value lies. The average amount of the policies in the ordinary branch is not much over £100, and the really important thing is that thousands of people can obtain small life policies upon very favourable terms. The excellence of the Prudential is shown not in policies for £5,000 apiece, and not really in the industrial policies for about £10 apiece, but in the assurances for £50 or £100, which are issued by the ordinary branch at yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly premiums, thus supplying to people of small means the benefits of life assurance on very favourable terms.

When we remember that even in the ordinary branch the Prudential is selling life assurance by retail, in the sense that the policies are small, it is somewhat surprising to notice that the rate of expenditure is so low. The total outlay for commission and expenses is less than 9 per cent. of the premium income, as compared with an average expenditure by British offices of about 15 per cent. This may possibly represent the actual cost of conducting the ordinary branch of the business, but we doubt if it does. It is at any rate reasonably certain that if there were no industrial branch the ordinary business could not be managed at so low an expense ratio.

In considering the expenditure of a life office, the dividends paid to shareholders should be included, in order that a fair comparison may be made with mutual societies. The shareholders in the Prudential take a portion of the surplus arising in the ordinary branch; but including this amount as an expense, the Prudential conducts its ordinary business more economically than the majority of mutual offices. Hence the company is better than a mutual office from the point of view of the cost of management. As compared with the sources of profit in other companies, the difference between the rate of interest assumed and earned by the Prudential is rather

small. The ordinary funds last year yielded £3 12s. 10d. per cent., which, although a substantial advance upon some previous years, is only 12s. 10d. above the 3 per cent. assumed in the valuation. Many offices have a margin of £1 5s. per cent. per annum of their funds for bonus purposes—a difference which accounts for much in the matter of bonuses.

In the industrial branch an increased bonus is to be given to the policyholders. All policies which become claims within the next twelve months will have the sum assured increased by 5, 10, and 12½ per cent. respectively if at least five, ten, and twenty years' premiums have been paid. Giving the industrial policyholders a share in the profits and granting free or paid-up policies, which now number 1,400,000, is at once evidence of the liberality with which the company treats its millions of small policyholders, and of the far-seeing wisdom with which the business is conducted in the true interests of the shareholders.

It is interesting to speculate upon the future of the Prudential; its continued expansion may be taken for granted, but the evidence as to improvement in the matter of profitability is less easy to detect. If we are not mistaken, however, the Prudential in years to come will exhibit bonus results which even the best life offices issuing mostly large policies will find it difficult to excel. The change will come slowly, but we think it will surely come.

NOVISSIMA SCOTIA.

NOVISSIMA SCOTIA is a country lying, roughly, between latitude 50° and 55°. It is therefore in the temperate zone. On the whole it is distinctly fertile, and in spite of a fiscal twist which its inhabitants take for wisdom, it has a number of thriving industries. The population is very dense in places; some cynics allege it is dense everywhere, a theory to which the tenor of this article may lend considerable colour. It was discovered long ago by certain enterprising Scotchmen, who, as a race, have been its most pertinacious explorers. It has frequently been rediscovered since, especially by the cadets of the better-class families who seek their fortunes abroad. In fact, they may now, together with the undesirable alien, but not to be confounded with him, be ranked among the principal free imports. The name of the country, Novissima Scotia, is at present but little known to geographers, but will probably become universal towards 1950. Meanwhile its provisional title—England—still holds the field.

The coming of the Scot dates back a good many years. He began with Border forays, but, like the Dane, he has found the charms of permanent occupation largely outweigh the attractions of intermittent plunder. No nation has carried the principle of peaceful penetration to a higher pitch. In nearly every profession in England it is a Scot who now rules the roost. The Irish are always complaining of the English garrison in Ireland and its denationalising effect, but the ascendancy in its prime of England over Ireland has never been so thorough as the moral and intellectual domination of Scotland over England to-day. The political hegemony for instance is virtually complete. It may be said to have started when Mr. Gladstone went over bag and baggage to Midlothian. Since then we have had an almost unbroken sequence of Scotch Premiers, beginning with Lord Rosebery and including Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But the Government of to-day has broken all records. It is no hyperbole to say that not Downing Street but Scotland Yard would be for it a far more appropriate address. Its Scottish members past and present include Mr. Haldane, Mr. Sinclair, Lord Elgin, Lord Tweedmouth, and Mr. Bryce. Even the sorry handful of Englishmen in the Cabinet mostly sit for Scottish constituencies, and, like the unhappy licence-holders, they are therefore more or less tied down to represent the whisky and oatmeal ideals of their country of adoption. Thus Mr. Asquith marches to the tune (in a minor key) of the men of Fife, Mr.

Churchill double-shuffles to the bagpipes of bonnie Dundee, and Lord Morley until recently had to execute the austere cake-walk of the "unco' guid" of Montrose. The utter effacement of England is still plainer if account is taken of our Keltic overlords, Mr. Lloyd George, the Calonne of British finance, and those twin comedians, the two Macs (more sea-power to their elbow!), the present rulers of the King's Navee, one of whom apparently owes his appointment to his nautical experiences on the tideway between Barnes and Mortlake, and the other to his well-known dexterity in paddling his own canoe, if not to his still more obvious qualification for the post of *cornet* in the horse marines.

The Scotchification of the Bar is embodied in the presence of Lord Loreburn on the Woolsack, while the Scotch supremacy of the Church is revealed by the fact that both Archbishops come from across the Border; and yet there are some who assert that the Anglican Church is peculiarly an English product. Does not this explain perhaps why so many Churchmen appeared unwilling to follow his Grace of Canterbury in his laudable endeavours to found a solemn educational league and covenant? Are they not more or less unconsciously convinced that after all he does not understand or represent the deepest feelings of the Ecclesia Anglicana?

For the mischief is that the Englishman feels rather than reasons, and the Scotsman, thanks to his scholastic education, reasons rather than feels. The one is too exclusively bowels, the other is too exclusively brains. And so the Englishman, who loathes having to put his thoughts into shape, yet in normal times is willing to accept any ready-made synthesis of them however crude, as may be seen in his fondness for catchwords, gladly accepts the Scot as a sort of intellectual acting-manager—a post that suits the latter admirably, though as a director he is held in lower esteem. For the Scot has one redoubtable failing. He is too often at heart a doctrinaire; but doctrinaire is only the twentieth-century name for the sincere sophist. Run through the list and see how well the title fits. Lord Rosebery is a romantic sophist. The late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a sentimental one. Mr. Balfour, it is true, is a Socrates among the sophists, but how often is he taken for one! But the most typical of them all is Mr. Haldane, the author of a guide to the hackneyed pathway to Idealism. Note the utmost good faith and the misguided ingenuity with which he calmly chops the British Army to pieces on his logic-block. Perhaps he fancies that by sufficient blood-letting he will ultimately attain that supreme if unsubstantial joy, the production of a bloodless entity, as represented in this case by a phantom army which "*faute de combattants*" exists only on paper.

But unfortunately if the Englishman in his laziness allows the Scotsman to explain his English mind to himself and the world, the Scotsman, however he may do our own reasoning for us, cannot do our thinking. He may compile and classify our experiences on certain stereotyped lines, but he cannot interpret our aspirations. He has too much of the bookwork rather than of the creative mind, of the absorbent than of the sympathetic. Anything that does not fit in with his preconceived notions, whether it be a joke or not, disconcerts him. It will not pass through the rigid meshes of the sieve with which his mind winnows out its knowledge. It is this lack of mental elasticity that explains how certain Caledonian bores sitting for some of the most drink-ridden constituencies in the British Isles see nothing incongruous in trying to turn temperate Englishmen into teetotalers. The same defect in plasticity of impression has been pointed out in respect to the journalists who hail from N.B., the land of *Nota Bene*, as someone has said, that invading swarm of "*chiefs amangst ye takin'*" all sorts of notes, and especially the one-pound variety. Like the Frenchman who remarked in his diary that all English girls have red hair, they mainly discover what is only already in their own minds.

But there is one thing the Scot is not. He is not unspeakable. On the contrary, he can give points in respectability to a bank clerk, and he possesses "the

rectitude of the Nonconformist without the corresponding unctuousness. England, he hears from his youth up, is the natural appanage of Scotland. Why should he forbear to enter in and possess the land? Formerly the wise men came from the East; now they trek South. He takes for his motto "No rose without a thistle". No wonder then that one so often sees the thistle rampant above the rose. Who knows if one fine day when he has rounded off his hegemony he will not propose to turn us all into Scotsmen under the title of South Britons? And then with that nostalgia which makes him such a force all over the world he will doubtless dethrone Shakespeare to put Burns in his place and banish plum-pudding in favour of haggis.

Meanwhile John Bull, who is rapidly passing from the position of predominant to sleeping partner, looks quietly on. Is he really so supine because, strong in his thirty-odd millions, he feels he can absorb in the long run the odd thousands of Scotch who come trooping into this country? Truly there is much to be said for his formidable digestive powers. Has he not swallowed up the Dane, the Norman, the Fleming, and the Huguenot, though the Polish Jew seems to sit uneasy on his stomach? He thinks no doubt of the millions of Gauls who quietly absorbed their Frankish lords and masters. But let him remember that before this Gargantuan assimilation was accomplished the conquerors had given their name to the country. Who knows therefore if with a Scotch Ministry in power we shall not wake up one morning to find this merrie England of ours rechristened Novissima Scotia?

A YOUNG OLD PLAY.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

I SUPPOSE that some fourteen years have elapsed since first Mr. Alexander tried "The Prisoner of Zenda". This, for most plays, is a disastrous interval—long enough to have made them old-fashioned, and not long enough to have endowed them with an appeal to our sentiment, to our curiosity. It is touching and amusing to see the plays that pleased our fathers or grandfathers; but we fidget at sight of plays that pleased our own benighted selves. "The Prisoner of Zenda", however, fails to distress us. Of course, the fashion to which it belongs, or rather the fashion which it set, has gone out utterly. But it was never meant to be taken seriously. It was just a pretty little joke. "The middle ages", murmured Mr. Anthony Hope, "are romantic to us, though they were doubtless mere prose to the people who lived in them. Our own period may be destined to thrill posterity; but us it leaves cold. Let us take some pardonable liberties with it. Let us, just for fun, deck it out with whatever mediæval trappings most delight us, and see what it looks like. Let us have dungeons with kings in them—tourists dressing up as kings—plenty of cold steel, plenty of hot blood", etc., etc. "Oh, do let's," cried the public, clapping its hands; and Ruritania was a huge success for quite a long time. I don't know how many plays were composed on the Ruritanian model. They came thick and fast; but none of their writers, so far as I remember, had Mr. Hope's light hand; and a light hand is needed for confectionery. Mr. Hope's manner of making his play was not as of a man asking us to believe the story, but as of one inviting us to agree with him how delightful it would be if such things *could* happen. His play was, in the direct sense, a criticism of life. Its great point was in being so frank a fantasy. And therein, too, lies the secret of the freshness it still has for us. If a dramatist sits down to criticise life soberly, through portrayal of men and women as he sees them—if, in fact, he takes the advice that I am always offering him, he will get a very good notice in this REVIEW when his play is produced; but he will get anything but a good notice when his play is revived in 1923 or thereabouts. Essentially, life will be still the same then as it is now; but the superficial tricks of thought and speech will have changed enough to make this unfortunate gentleman's play quite intolerably unlike

life. The technique of playwriting will have changed too. Perhaps we shall have grown weary of the tight technique of to-day; or perhaps this technique will seem loose in comparison with what we shall then be accustomed to. What is certain is that the fashion will be quite different, and that, in the light of this change alone, the realism of to-day will carry no illusion of reality. When "The Prisoner of Zenda" was written, the habit of soliloquy was still thriving on the stage. It incommoded no one, even in plays whose aim was the portrayal of actual life. But you know how fatal to us now, in such plays, that innocent convention is. On the other hand, if, in the twentieth (or, to be exact, the nineteenth) century, a tourist happens to resemble the local king so closely that he can successfully impersonate him at a moment's notice, and be crowned thereafter in his stead, and make the lady who is betrothed to the other man think she is beginning to fall in love with the other man, and if, in addition to such feats as these, he can perform in the most approved manner all the fighting and jesting and renouncing prescribed by Dumas père and other masters of the historical romance, far be it from me to chide him for occasionally talking aloud to himself in public. Such a man is privileged: not pretending to be real, he is not expected to behave as such; and, as he is a witty figment, he and the play whose hero he is come out just as fresh to-day as they did fourteen years ago. If ever, in the dim future, the world shall revert to the mediæval way of conducting its affairs, and this play shall accordingly be judged by the standards of realistic art, Rudolf Rassendyll will not, we must fear, pass muster. But meanwhile the play will go on being welcome. Unless Mr. Alexander ages more in the next than he has aged in the past fourteen years, he will still be the man for the part. His performance is full of mettle and flourish, and is given with just that outer manner of sincerity which is needed for the full fun of the thing. Mr. Frank Cooper, as the Black Elphberg, seems to me to force the note a little—to be a trifle too black. There is no such note of insincerity in Miss Stella Campbell's impersonation of Princess Flavia. Indeed, she seems to be taking the play seriously even in her heart of hearts. Brought up as she has been, in an atmosphere of truly serious art, with only the best of models at hand, she cannot, in the innocence of her young soul, believe that a dramatist would ever draw a not real heroine. To her the Princess *seems* unreal; but surely, she thinks, oh surely this must be a sick fancy; and so she proceeds to represent as best she can the reality that she has vainly looked for. The result is charming, and I hope it makes Mr. Anthony Hope blush for his cynicism; nevertheless, I must admit that it is under-acting.

Since "The Prisoner of Zenda" there has been no play that has widely set a fashion. Whatever we may say against the drama of the past few years, we must admit that it has not been monotonous in kind. When Mr. Shaw suddenly became popular, I remember, I uttered here my horror in the prevision of a horde of imitators. Except that certain passages in Mr. Granville Barker's plays, and in Mr. St. John Hankin's, show a distinctly Shavian influence, my prevision has not been fulfilled: the foreseen horde has never appeared; or, if it has appeared, its mimicries have been so bad as to escape detection. The fact is that only a very clever man may compass even a passable imitation of Mr. Shaw's manner and method. So much the better for us. But, just as any fool was able to write some sort of a play about an imaginary mediæval kingdom in the heart of modern Europe, and just as most of the managers were willing to produce such plays in virtue of the fashionableness of the theme, so can any fool write some sort of a play around some burning political question of the day, and so are most of the managers now yearning to produce such plays in consequence of the vast success of "An Englishman's Home". Major Du Maurier may, in writing that play, have rendered an admirable service to his country; but against this I set the imminent outburst of imitative ineptitudes. (What a hideously uncouth phrase! But let it stand. If I were a statesman, it would be hailed as a gem of epigram, and would be quoted at least once a week in every newspaper during the next twenty years or more.)

I wish I could mistrust my forecast. But, knowing how ovine is the nature we call human, and knowing that play-writing has become, in modern times, almost a natural instinct of the human adult, I know that in nearly every household in Great Britain there is at least one person scribbling feverishly, in his or her leisure moments, to make a fortune out of a play on Major Du Maurier's lines. Most of them, I wager, have taken as their theme the peril of islanders unarmed. The less ovine minority is dividing its favours between Old Age Pensions, Education, Aeroplanes, the Licensing of Public Houses, and other burning topics. Some of the writers are perhaps stealing a march on their rivals by combining two or more of these topics in one whole—school children drifting, in Act I, for lack of religious instruction; years elapse, and in Act II we see that the children, having grown up, have all drifted into the public-houses, but are saved in Act III by the discipline of military service (or by the wholesome delight of flying), so that they are in Act IV worthy recipients of pensions of (say) ten shillings, payable at the age of (say) sixty. Of course, of the plays that are being written only a very small proportion will be produced. But think of the hundreds of thousands that are being written! The number of those produced will be ample to make me regret Major Du Maurier's existence. My comfort is that the vogue, while it lasts, will be so intense that it cannot last very long. Also, it is well that the theatrical managers will have been taught to discard, once and for all, their passionately-cherished belief that a play's chance of success is in inverse ratio to the closeness of its connexion with the actual world.

FAIR WOMEN AT THE NEW GALLERY.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

I DO not know whether the recent behaviour of Nature, who has been losing no opportunity of showing her treachery, malignity and tyrannical caprice, has kindled in the breasts of Londoners a contrary sudden passion for Art; but if so, there is fortunately plenty provided just now in the way of picture galleries. To say nothing of minor exhibitions: if you would see what is being done to-day in the art of original engraving, there is the Society of Twelve, at Messrs. Obach's, and the Painter-Etchers, in Pall Mall, to enlighten you; the brilliant young artists who call themselves the Modern Portrait Painters will exhilarate you at the Institute with their vivacity and vigour; the Panshanger Van Dycks are visiting the National Gallery; a galaxy of Turners awaits your eye at Messrs. Agnew's annual water-colour exhibition; M. Bussy at the Goupil Gallery will ravish you to warm and coloured southern shores with his pastels; in a moment of resignation you can look in at Burlington House; and finally, for a full feast, there is the New Gallery.

"Fair Women" is a pleasant title, and allures. If we forget it within the exhibition itself, it is because we are hardly conscious of the limitations of the subject; our interest in the painter's and the sculptor's art is so keenly engaged. Indeed from the point of view of pure art the International Society has never held so fine and memorable an exhibition. Even at the "Old Masters" it was rare to find a room so rich in beautiful canvases as the West Room at the New Gallery this month. It is true there is no Titian, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Velasquez; there is in fact no classic of an earlier date than Lely, unless the fascinating and mysterious portrait of Roubadah, Princess of Cabul, by Omar Meharab, be more antique, which I should imagine was not so. On the other hand, we are shown hanging together on the same wall with Reynolds and Gainsborough modern masters like Goya, Courbet, Corot, Monticelli, Manet, to say nothing of Watts and Millais. The comparison is extremely interesting. I have no doubt that many of us will be telling our friends (according to our predisposition, time of life, and the other influences on which critical judgments are founded) either "What a poor show these belearded modern foreigners make beside a fine Sir Joshua like the Duchess of Devonshire and her baby; it is most instructive!" or else "What

a foil those overestimated eighteenth-century painters make to real masters like Manet and Courbet!" For my part I confess it seemed to me that both our English classics and the later masters held their own remarkably well. What is surprising is that the nineteenth-century champions, in spite of all that has been written about the modern feeling for light and air, are so lacking in atmosphere. How black are the shadows in the portraits by Corot, full of charm as that painter's figures are! How dark and airless the Courbet, splendid as is the direct painting of the hollyhocks and tiger-lilies in this picture of a girl gathering flowers in a garden—a picture exuberant with life and force! And in Manet's portrait of his mother, so admirable in its decisive brush-drawing, its tender severity, how rawly the yellow-white of the face and hands stares from the surrounding black! It is extraordinary that it should seem so much alive, when all the bloom of life has been flayed off. Reynolds' and Gainsborough's women live in an atmosphere of their own. Yes, and there is a mental atmosphere, too, which is not to be neglected. That wonderful unity implied in the homogeneous taste of a period like the eighteenth century is a force that counts for no little in all its productions. It is what is signally lacking in this age of ours. The deficiencies of eighteenth-century art and literature are perfectly obvious; but the typical productions of the time have a completeness only seen when there is an entire harmony between an art and the social life behind it, a completeness and felicity final of their kind. Just because of this finality eighteenth-century art is as dangerous to the modern painter as it is seductive to the modern collector. It is something perfected, and therefore apt to be sterile for the purposes of a succeeding age. One can understand if a painter now at work should turn away from these masters; but we who are not painters can afford to enjoy them without scruple. Male portraits being excluded, Reynolds could hardly be better represented in small compass than by the Duke of Devonshire's famous picture and by the "Lady Ormonde and Child" (No. 132). Before these original and happy conceptions the accusation brought against the artist of being a translator of the Venetians, who saw nothing at first hand, seems ridiculous enough. Gainsborough's "Mrs. Elliott", the siren who nearly lost her charming head in the French Revolution, but survived to make a conquest (so she tells us in her memoirs) of Napoleon, is lent by the Duke of Portland. It has not, I think, been seen in London recently; and, though obscured by a too-mellow varnish, shows Gainsborough's special gift of seizing a feminine personality, with all its indefinable attractions, in a manner quite adorable. It is curious to pass from this portrait to that of a later beauty, the Countess Castiglione, that star of the Second Empire. This is an unfinished early portrait by Watts, a beautiful painting, but not, one imagines, the real woman. The face as here seen is of the peculiar Early Victorian type which Nature seems to have consecrated to that period and no other.

The exhibition is not all portraits. In this same room are hanging Millais' "Eve of St. Agnes", Burne-Jones' "Mirror of Venus", and Whistler's "Symphony in White, No. 3", each in its way already a classic; and Burne-Jones is also represented by two cartoons for S. Frideswide windows, still full of fervent invention and without any of the over-facile tameness which marred much of his later design for glass and decoration.

And how does the modern contemporary work look among these classics? Certainly there are one or two pictures in this West Room which one would wish away; but Mr. Orpen's "Young Irish Girl", Mr. Strang's "Mrs. Howard", Mr. Nicholson's "Lady in Furs", Mr. G. F. Kelly's "Mrs. M. V. Leveaux", and particularly Mr. Charles Shannon's two new round portraits, marking a fresh step in this artist's development, admirably hold their own. In the North Room there are fewer classics and the standard is lower. Here Mr. Sargent's "Duchess of Sutherland" confronts three portraits by Mr. J. J. Shannon, one of them the "Princess Patricia"; and Winterhalter confronts Renoir. "Woman Smiling" is a title which will hardly prepare a nervous public for the large and singular full-

length portrait by Mr. John. This is going to be a classic one day, I do not doubt; meanwhile everyone will call it ugly. The picture has a formidable sense of personality which makes nearly everything else in the room look a little weak.

I have no space to write of the sculpture, nor of the fascinating Utamaros and Harunobus in the balcony, nor of the drawings and prints, among which we find a series of Whistler's lithographs and fine examples of Rossetti and Beardsley: but I must close with a word on the wall devoted to Conder. Here are a number of oil-paintings and a series of lovely fans. Conder was not at his happiest with large figures, which showed up his weak, unstudied drawing. Yet in this weakness there is character. There is a sense in which it may justly be said that Watteau drew too well, and was too easily a master. Conder in relation to his art was always a wooer. From the delicate surface of the silk which he loved best to paint upon, the transparent colours, delicate as the wings of butterflies, are evoked caressingly; and how felt, how enjoyed, is everything in this enchanted world which the artist's mood created! How living a thing this art was; how it repeats the same themes, but never the same design, always adding a new zest, a fresh aspect, a subtle variation of delight!

Most touching of all these memorials of the dead artist, there lie in separate cases two dresses painted in water-colours by his hand; one is decorated with exquisite little medallions all over it, but is, alas! unfinished; across the folds of the other lies a fan, the thing which was to become in Conder's hands so animate with expression, daintily defiant of our crass mode of realism, tremulously throbbing with aerial colour.

DEBUSSY.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IT is most important that those who care for music as a living art should come to their critical bearings about Debussy. He is a discoverer; he has wandered into a new world of tonality and what for want of a better term we must call musical colour; he speaks to us in a new language, which we are obliged to learn before we can form any judgment of his work; in a word, he is an artist with a new technique, and with at least some degree of inspiration. What does he say in this new language? What does he discover in his new world? What does his inspiration reveal?

A really deep curiosity and interest in Debussy date with most of us from our first hearing of "*L'Après-midi d'un Faune*", that strange, remote piece of loveliness in which, like ethereal harmonics sounding high above a deep note, an exquisite artistic essence is derived from a primitive and elemental idea. The reedy, bubbling notes of the flute, the stringent, murmurous tones of the 'cellos and violas, the strange scale, the unquiet intervals, the melancholy, burdened cadences, the languors and insidious melodies that steal from among the buzzing harmony—what are they but reflections in sound, in etherealised, poetic sound, of the sensuality of a hot afternoon, the peace and the terror that lurk together in the still, sun-baked landscape of the classical world? And that may be taken as typical of the inspiration of Debussy's music; it is remote from intellectual speculations, philosophic ideas, mental agonies or conflicts; it is founded on primitive matter, primitive sensation; it is an harmonic resultant or overtone of these. One may extend the metaphor, and say that all his music is written in harmonics, on the stopped and touched springs of emotion—hardly ever are the natural, open notes heard. And though the harmonics are very high and ethereal, there is never any doubt whence they are derived; the sensual, the material, the fundamental aspects of human nature are the pools from which these misty clouds are drawn, to float away and melt into the hot distance of desert skies.

We have heard a good deal of Debussy during the past ten days. Mr. Franz Liebich gave an evening to him at the Æolian Hall; the Société des Concerts

Français (an excellent group which promises to provide some interesting recitals of modern French music) devoted their first concert at Bechstein Hall to Debussy's works; and the composer himself conducted the "*Après-midi*" and a new work—"*Nuages*"—at Queen's Hall on Saturday. What is new is, or should be, always interesting, and one always approaches Debussy with curiosity and expectation, with open ear and mind. But one is not always rewarded. In almost all these songs and pianoforte pieces one goes through the same process: one is interested at first, one is bewitched by sudden moments of unfamiliar beauty, and finally one is too often frankly bored, losing interest as soon as the strange flavour of the new fruit has been tasted. For that is the risk run by a composer whose appeal is chiefly to the surface nerves and sensations; he stimulates the appetite for more sensation, more variety, and too often he is unable to gratify the appetite he has aroused. Sometimes you feel as though he were experimenting on you, trying how much you will stand of a certain reiterated effect, and as though, having made a note of your symptoms, he then passes on to exhibit and test a new device in the same way. Of course that is not true; Debussy is a serious musician, with an extremely high technical grasp of his art; he knows perfectly well what he is doing, and what effect he is trying for. His experiments are based on experience; his curiosity is the result of profound knowledge; his dissonances and harsh effects are founded on a very deep sense of beauty. He is deliberate in all his nonconformity, and there is that deadly logic behind his apparent waywardness that makes modern French art the technical despair of the English mind. And yet he constantly fails to transmit his sense of beauty, constantly fails to convince us about that new world he has discovered—the new world of "*L'Après-midi d'un Faune*". True, he has brought back pearls and precious stuffs, strange gums and spices and foreignly-wrought treasures as a proof that he has been there; but has he kept a chart? Does he know the way back? Often, sitting with tortured ears, journeying across what seems a mere desert waste of meaningless dissonance, one wonders about that; one has misgivings that not the audience only have lost their musical bearings but the composer also, and it is in moments like these that curiosity is apt to turn to resentment.

Such misgivings are unprofitable. Having given us an absolutely new tonality, Debussy has an absolute claim on our respect and attention. For good or ill, he has deflected the compasses of all the younger school of navigators in the musical art, and his influence is bound to be great—greater, no doubt, than his individual achievement; and others will carry the possibilities of this new tonality farther than he will carry them, and so reap where he has sown. Future ages may not rank Debussy with the great composers, but they cannot deny that he is a great innovator, and he is to be saluted for that. That goes far to excuse those long periods of downright ugliness in some of his pianoforte works, or such an acoustic horror as the first movement of his string quartet, which was played at Bechstein Hall on Friday week. For the secret of this new tonality has not yet been thoroughly plumbed. Many of his harmonic effects depend entirely on the timbre of the instruments on which they are played, and are often based on the subtle harmonic effects of stringed instruments in combination; you might transpose many of his really beautiful passages from strings to wood—wind or keyed instruments, and produce mere ugliness and cacophony. That is only another way of saying that we are outgrowing the old scale, the old octave on which the music of the last two hundred years has been founded, and feeling our way into a new scale, a new tonality, which the perfection of modern keyed instruments has hitherto prevented us from cultivating. For it is almost certain that if all pianos, organs and similar instruments in which every note of the scale has a fixed dynamic relation to every other note were to be silenced for ten years we should by that time have developed an entirely new scale and tonality in which all our musical imaginings would be cast. Debussy is the chief of the modern composers.

who have anticipated this development; and for that reason, if for no other, his music would be interesting.

But it has many other claims. It helps to make obsolete many forms which should have been obsolete long ago; forms in which the great composers of the past wrote great music, but in which no modern composer can write any but feeble music. It makes it a little more absurd for us to go on flogging those dead donkeys, the oratorio and cantata; it makes experiment respectable, and even fashionable, where yesterday it was deemed disgraceful. It helps in the real appreciation of the great composers of the past, and will help to send us back to Bach for our fugues, Handel for our oratorios (if we really want oratorios), Schumann for our romance, Brahms for our musical philosophy; it will help us to discriminate between what was and what was not inspired in the works of the great, instead of accepting everything as pure gospel which bears the name of Mozart, Beethoven, Rameau, Bach, Palestrina. It will do this because, whatever its faults and failures, it appeals boldly on the single ground of beauty, and not of erudition, imitation, or conservatism. It claims every licence, and stands or falls by its justification of that licence. Its failure or success is singularly definite and complete; it is either beautiful or abominable. Four-fifths of the music of Debussy that I have heard is abominable to my ear; but the remainder is so entirely, so certainly and strangely beautiful as to convince me that the unpleasing part, although the greater in quantity, is infinitely the less important, and is to be regarded as studio work which carries the mark of the master's manner and eccentricity, but not of his ultimate and abiding personality.

TWO FRIENDS.

TRANSLATED FROM GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

By ALEC CLARK.

PARIS was besieged and famished, struggling in her death agony. Few sparrows were left on the housetops, and the rats of the sewers were vanishing: people were feeding on anything they could obtain.

M. Morissot, a watchmaker by profession, but called by the situation to serve as a volunteer, was walking sadly along the outer boulevard one bright January morning, with his stomach empty and his hands thrust into the pockets of his uniform. He stopped short before a comrade in arms in whom he recognised a friend. It was M. Dufour, a riverside acquaintance.

Every Sunday before the war Morissot had set out at daybreak with a bamboo rod in his hand and a tin box on his back. He took the Argenteuil train to Colombes, then went on foot to the eyot at Marante. Arrived at this scene of his dreams he began to fish; and he continued fishing till nightfall.

Every Sunday he met there a round and jovial little man, M. Dufour, the draper of Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, like himself an enthusiast of the fishing-rod. They often spent half the day side by side, with the line in their hands and their feet dangling over the stream, and they had struck up a friendship.

Sometimes they talked; sometimes they passed the whole day without a word. But their companionship was complete without any need of words, for their tastes were alike and their feelings the same.

Sometimes on a spring morning when the sun came out in restored youth, covered the tranquil river with a light vapour which floated down with the current, and poured on the backs of the two enraptured fishers the genial warmth of the new season, Morissot would say to his neighbour "Glorious, isn't it?" and Dufour would reply "There is nothing like it in the world". And without needing to say more each understood and esteemed the other.

And in autumn, at the close of day, when the sky, blood-red as the sun was setting, threw on the water reflections of scarlet clouds, flooded the whole stream with purple light, showed a band of flame along the horizon, made patches red like fire or shone golden on

the trees already russet and shivering at the approach of winter, M. Dufour would turn to Morissot with a smile, saying "What a gorgeous sight!" And Morissot, still keeping eyes fixed on his float, would reply with a rapturous "Ah! this is better than the boulevards; eh, old friend?"

As soon as the two friends recognised one another they vigorously shook hands; the meeting in such altered circumstances filled them with emotion. M. Dufour, with a sigh, said "What dreadful things have been happening!" Morissot groaned in yet deeper dejection "And what weather! This is the first fine day of the year".

The sky was indeed quite blue and full of brightness.

They began to walk side by side, gloomy and pre-occupied. Morissot continued: "Remember our fishing, eh? That's one pleasant memory".

"When shall we do any more?" asked Dufour.

They entered a little café and took an absinthe together. Then they returned to their walk along the boulevard. Morissot suddenly stopped. "Another drop, eh?" M. Dufour agreed, "I'm with you", and they went into another wineshop.

Their heads were turned a little when they came out, for fasting men are easily affected by alcohol. A caressing breeze played on their faces, and the warm air sent the absinthe yet more to M. Dufour's head. "Suppose we went there?" he asked, pausing to give his words weight.

"Where?"

"Why, to our fishing."

"But where?"

"To our island, of course. The French outposts are near Colombes. I know Colonel Dumoulin, and they will let us pass without difficulty."

A quiver of desire ran through Morissot. "Right you are," he said, "I am game"; and they parted to go for their tackle.

An hour later they were marching side by side along the high road. Then they gained the villa where the Colonel was installed. He smiled at their request and acceded to their whim. They renewed their march, furnished with a passport. Soon they passed the outposts, crossed the deserted region of Colombes, and arrived at some little vineyards which sloped down towards the Seine. It was about eleven o'clock.

Across the river was Argenteuil, like a dead village. The heights of Orgemont and Sannois dominated the entire region, and the great plain which extends to Nanterre was empty, absolutely empty save for its naked fruit-trees.

M. Dufour pointed to the hill crests. "The Prussians are up there!" he said; and an uneasy feeling paralysed the two friends as they looked upon the deserted country.

The Prussians! They had never seen one, but for months they had felt the presence of the enemy, pressing around Paris, ruining France, unseen but all-powerful, bringing pillage, slaughter and starvation. And a kind of superstitious terror was added to the hatred which they felt for this unknown and victorious people.

"I say," faltered Morissot, "what if we met them?"

M. Dufour replied, with that Parisian love of joking which nothing can repress, "We would offer them a fry of fish".

But the silence which reigned around intimidated them, and they hesitated to venture into the country.

At last M. Dufour made up his mind. "Come! Quick march! But let us go carefully." Then, crouching and bent double, with inquiet eyes and ears alert, they crept down through a vineyard, keeping hidden behind the vines. A strip of open land remained to be crossed before they could gain the riverside. They quickened into a run; then, as soon as they had reached the bank, they plunged for hiding among the dry reeds. Morissot put his ear to the earth to listen for any sound of marching in the neighbourhood. They heard nothing. They were alone, absolutely alone.

Feeling reassured, they began to fish.

Facing them was the deserted Isle of Marante, which concealed the opposite bank from their view. The little

restaurant was closed and looked as though it had not been inhabited for years.

M. Dufour took the first gudgeon. Morissot caught the second; and from moment to moment they whisked back their rods with a little silvery fish quivering at the end of the line. It was truly a miraculous haul. They carefully put the fish into a fine-meshed net bag which was waiting at their feet. A delicious joy penetrated them, the joy which seizes one who has found again a favourite pleasure of which he has long been deprived.

The bright sun poured his warm rays on their shoulders; they no longer heard anything, thought of anything; they had forgotten all else in the world; they were fishing.

But suddenly the earth trembled with a dull sound which seemed to come from underground. The thunder of the guns had begun anew.

Morissot turned his head. Over the steep river bank he saw, away to the left, the huge bulk of Mont-Valerien. From it arose, like a white plume, the smoke which a cannon had just belched forth. At the same instant a second puff of smoke shot out from the ridge of the fort, and a few seconds later a new thunder roared. Others followed, and from moment to moment the mountain hurled forth its message of death and breathed out heavy white vapours which rose gently through the clear air and made a cloud above the fortress.

M. Dufour shrugged his shoulders. "They are at it again," he said.

Morissot was anxiously regarding the feather of his float as it bobbed up and down. He was suddenly filled with rage, the anger of a man of peace against the madmen who were thus fighting. "People must be lunatics," he growled, "to kill one another in this fashion."

"Worse than wild beasts," replied M. Dufour.

Morissot, who had just taken a bleak, declared "And it will always be like this so long as there are Governments."

M. Dufour interrupted: "The Republic would not have declared war—"; but Morissot broke in: "With the kings we were always fighting abroad; with the Republic we have war in our own country."

They entered calmly upon a discussion, examining profound questions of policy with the wholesome reason of gentle and temperate men. They agreed upon one point, that men would never attain freedom. And Mont-Valerien thundered unrestingly, wrecking French houses with French shells, scattering death, pounding men to shapeless pulp; cutting short countless dreams, countless expected joys, countless hopes of happiness; and, in that other land across the borders, filling the hearts of wives and mothers and maidens with sorrows which know no end.

"Such is life," said M. Dufour.

"Say, rather, that such is death," replied Morissot, laughing at his play on the words.

All at once they became aware that someone had been marching and had halted behind them. They trembled with sudden alarm. Turning their eyes they saw four men standing at their shoulders; four huge, armed, and bearded men, clad like domestics in livery, and wearing flat caps. Their four rifles were pointed at the two Frenchmen.

The fishing-rods slipped from their hands and floated downstream. In a few seconds the fishers were seized, pinioned, borne away, thrown into a boat, and rowed across to the isle. Behind the house, which they had believed to be abandoned, they saw a score of German soldiers.

A sort of hairy giant, seated astraddle on a chair and smoking a long porcelain pipe, demanded in excellent French, "Well, gentlemen, have you had a good catch?"

A soldier stepped forward and laid at the feet of the officer the netful of fish, which he had been careful to bring away. The Prussian smiled: "Ah! I see you have not done so badly. But we have other business on hand. Listen to me, and do not be alarmed."

"So far as I am concerned, you are two spies who have been sent out to watch me. I capture you and shoot

you. You have been pretending to fish, the better to conceal your projects. You have fallen into my hands; so much the worse for you. That is the fortune of war.

"But since you have come out past the outposts, you must certainly have the password for your return. Give me this password, and I give you your lives."

The two friends stood side by side. They were livid, and their hands were twitching slightly with nervous tremors. Both were silent.

The officer continued: "No one will ever know. You will return unharmed and the secret will vanish with you. If you refuse, it is death—instant death. Make your choice."

They remained motionless, without opening their mouths.

The Prussian, with unvarying placidity, stretched out his hand towards the river. "Consider," he began again, "that within five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. Within five minutes! You both have relatives, I presume?"

Mont-Valerien thundered unceasingly.

The two friends remained silently standing. The German gave some orders in his own language. Then he moved away his chair, so as not to remain too near the prisoners; and twelve men came to stand at "attention", twenty paces away. The officer spoke again: "I give you one minute, and not a second more."

Then he suddenly arose, drew near to the two Frenchmen, took Morissot by the arm, dragged him away, and said to him in a low voice: "Quick! the password? Your comrade will know nothing; I shall simply pretend to relent."

Morissot made no reply.

The Prussian then drew M. Dufour aside and spoke to him in the same terms. M. Dufour made no reply.

The two friends stood once more side by side. The officer gave some commands. The soldiers presented arms. Then Morissot's glance fell by chance on the string of gudgeon which lay on the grass a few feet from him. The fish were still quivering, and a ray of sunlight glittered on them. A sudden weakness overcame Morissot, and, in spite of his efforts, his eyes filled with tears. He faltered: "Farewell, Monsieur Dufour."

M. Dufour replied: "Farewell, Monsieur Morissot."

They gripped each other by the hand, shaken from head to foot by irrepressible tremors.

The officer cried "Fire!" and twelve shots rang out like one. M. Dufour fell at once, face downwards. Morissot, the taller man, swayed, swung round, and fell across the body of his comrade. His face was turned to the skies, and gouts of blood oozed out through where the breast of his tunic was pierced.

The German gave fresh orders, and his men disappeared. Then they returned with ropes and stones, which they tied to the feet of the two dead men, afterwards bearing the bodies to the river-brink.

Mont-Valerien roared without pause: the fort was now surmounted by a mountain of smoke.

Two soldiers took Morissot by the head and the feet; two others took M. Dufour in the same way. One strong swing, then the bodies were thrown far out. They described a curve, then plunged, straight up, into the water, the stones dragging the feet in first. The water splashed up, bubbled, quivered, and then was calm again, though some wavelets rippled out to the banks. A little blood floated on the surface.

The officer, with unruffled serenity, said quietly, "This time the fish have their turn."

Then he returned towards the house. Suddenly he saw the string bag of gudgeon on the grass before him. He picked them up, examined them, and smiled. "Wilhelm!" he cried.

A white-aproned soldier ran up. The Prussian threw him the dead men's catch, and commanded: "Have me these little creatures fried at once, while they are still alive. They will be delicious."

Then he went on smoking his porcelain pipe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COMPETITION—BELOW THE BELT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gomshall, 2 March 1909.

SIR,—I was foolish enough to imagine my letter of 13 February was a lucid and convincing statement; instead I find, from the letter you published on 27 February, that my meaning must have been obscured in impenetrable fog. I tried to point out that Mr. Balfour's proposal to defend our industries against unfair competition was worthy of the serious attention of our friends the Unionist Free Traders, because it was a proposal which would secure our industries and our consumers against the evils of unequal competition. I took up the contest purely from the Free Traders' point of view, because I desire to do what I can to heal the wound which just now sadly troubles the Unionist party. So far as this—the most important—branch of the fiscal question is concerned, Mr. Balfour is the man fighting for free trade, while his opponents are struggling for the maintenance of "protection" in its evil sense, and protection—or rather preference—not for British but for foreign producers in our markets.

A foreign producer has some artificial advantage which enables him to undersell all competitors and gradually get their trade, and yet at the same time make a good profit for his own pocket. Mr. Balfour would ascertain the amount of the foreigner's artificial advantage (I know from experience that it can be done) and would levy on his goods an equivalent duty to countervail it. The foreigner would not be damaged, because after paying the duty he would enter our markets on equal terms with his competitors. Nor would the consumer be injured, because his market price would remain unaffected. Our Treasury would benefit, and it would have the extra satisfaction of knowing that the foreigner was paying over to us the bounty or subsidy or other form of State aid which he might be enjoying, no longer for the deliberate purpose of injuring and supplanting our industries but for the benefit of our revenue and the consequent relief of taxation.

I can give an instance. The great beetroot-sugar industry of Europe, which a few years ago, thanks to its bounties, and afterwards to its cartel fund as described in my former letter, had grown to such dimensions that it supplied more than half the world's visible consumption of sugar, was creating such havoc among the natural producers of sugar in other parts of the world that the United States Government decided to levy a duty equivalent to the bounty in order to countervail it. The European exporter could only get his sugar into the United States by dropping his price until the price plus the countervailing duty exactly tallied with the market price of sugar in America. Of course this could only happen when there was a glut of European beetroot sugar. This occurred periodically, and then hundreds of thousands of tons of beetroot sugar entered the United States. The market remained at its former level, the extra duty went to swell the revenue, and the natural-sugar industry was relieved of a ruinous State-aided attack upon its very existence.

A few years afterwards the Indian Government followed the example. It was on that occasion (1899) that Mr. Chamberlain challenged the House of Commons to establish the principle of a duty to countervail a bounty; and he got a big majority. Three years later the German and Austrian cartel bounties became intolerable. At the International Conference at Brussels in 1902 we showed that the high import duty, coupled with a strictly governed combination of the industry called a cartel, had enabled them to raise the price to the consumer in Germany by nearly 100 per cent., and had thus put them in possession of a fund of £5,500,000 with which to recoup those who were obliged to export their surplus at the best price they could get. Their surplus amounted to more than one million tons per annum. This, with the surplus of all the other bounty-fed States, soon glutted the outside markets and knocked down prices far below cost of production. The crisis was acute. All natural producers would have gone to the wall if it had

been allowed to continue. Even those who got bounties were in great danger of ruin. The great leader of the German industry exhorted his colleagues to persevere, never mind how low the price for export went. Low prices, he said, were the thing to be aimed at so as to overcome all opposition. The great German and Austrian monopoly was within measurable distance.

We applied the cure at Brussels, and the trouble was relieved. No import duties were allowed to be more than six francs per 100 kilos. in excess of the consumption duties. It was believed (?) that no cartel could be successful with such a small surtax.

Here is my explanation. I will leave your correspondent to fight the spectres of his own creation.

GEORGE MARTINEAU.

"PAT" AND THE CURSE OF ERSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 Noel Street, London N., 15 February 1909.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Pat" had some criticisms as to Gaelic being made a compulsory subject for matriculation in the new University in Ireland. He says that the study of Gaelic would be of no use, except one went back to Pagan times. Well, can he tell us of any university where the study of Latin and Greek does not go back to Pagan times? I am surprised at "Pat's" sneers at his native language. I know nothing of Gaelic, but I prefer the opinions of Professor Stanley Poole, of Oxford, and Professor Kuno Meyer, of Liverpool, to "Pat's" opinions.

But "Pat", like a true anti-clerical, cannot close his letter without a fling at the bishops and priests. He says that Maynooth was established by the Irish Parliament for the education of the laity, but the priests got hold of it. Then, after the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church, the priests stuck to the money given to Maynooth and turned the laymen out of the college. They say that a cat has nine lives, but a lie seems to be immortal, or, like "Valda", it is oft born. If "Pat" had read the report of the Commission on Irish Education he would have known that the laymen were turned out of Maynooth not by the priests but by an Order in Council. The clergy generously allowed the laity into the college to study side by side with the ecclesiastical students. But this will not kill the fable. Some other "Pat" or "John" will revive it.

"Pat" has a sneer at the bishops re the Queen's Colleges. He says: "Alarmed at the spectacle of Catholics and Protestants sitting together in peace within the Queen's, the bishops met, and by the casting-vote of the chairman" condemned the Queen's Colleges.

But "Pat" does not saddle the right horse. Let me call attention to a little historical fact which he has evidently forgotten, presuming that he ever was cognisant of it. At the time of the establishment of the Queen's Colleges, Ulster had a majority of Catholics in the population, as she has now. Sir Robert Peel in 1845 communicated to the House of Commons, when discussing his Bill to furnish Ireland with a non-sectarian university, a letter which he had received from a Presbyterian clergyman. Here are the terms of the letter: "Sir John Graham appears to have intimated that all religions would be represented amongst the professorships. Now, I should be acting unfaithfully to the Government did I not clearly express my conviction that one Roman Catholic or Unitarian professor in the essential parts of the undergraduate course would at once decide the General Assembly to withdraw every student. You might indeed appoint an Episcopalian, not known as a Puseyite, as readily as a Presbyterian or a Baptist, Independent or Methodist, without much dissatisfaction, but not a Unitarian or a Roman Catholic professor".

Sir Robert Peel gave "a very strong assurance" that their wishes would be respected.

In 1849 the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland passed a resolution endorsing the proposed non-sectarian college in the following terms: "Whereas her Majesty's Government has assured us as to the qualifications and the character of the persons appointed to the Queen's College, at Belfast, to be such as to justify this Assembly in accepting degrees from that

College, we now permit them (students) to attend the classes of the department in the College."

Will "Pat" kindly take note that this resolution was not passed by the casting-vote of the chairman, but by a good thumping majority of more than one-third?

What happened next? The head of the Presbyterian Assembly was named President of the College, and no single representative of the majority in Ulster has since that time been allowed to occupy a chair—at least not up to two or three years ago. But these godly Presbyterians did have a Professor Tyndall, and no doubt they were well satisfied with him.

I ask in all sincerity how could a College begun and conducted under such auspices be expected to attract the parents of Catholic students?

The professorships in Cork and Galway were dealt out to Protestants in a similar manner. In Munster, where 97 per cent. of the population were Catholics, Dr. Kane was appointed head, and out of twenty professors not one Catholic was appointed in the Faculty of Arts; two were appointed in the Medical Department and one in Law. In Galway, out of twenty professors only two Catholics were appointed. And even at the present day in schools in Ireland a similar policy is pursued by the Department in Dublin. Governors of schools may appoint a man to a headship of a school—a man with the best qualifications possible—but the Dublin Castle gentry will take care that someone else with no better qualifications, but who happens to be English or Protestant, will get the post.

"Pat" has no word of condemnation for these gentry. No; he reserves his wrath for the Catholic bishops and priests.

It was the Nonconformists of Ulster that struck the blow at the Queen's Colleges. The Nonconformists, you will notice, are to-day playing the same game with regard to education in the elementary schools of England. In Ireland non-sectarianism meant Nonconformity; and Catholicism, Unitarianism &c. were sectarianism. In England to-day, under the leadership of the Dr. Cliffords and Hirst-Hollowells, Nonconformity is undenominationalism, to be paid for out of the rates, and every teaching that is not Nonconformist is sectarianism and not to be tolerated in the schools. Great is the power of hypocrisy which wins the admiration of "Pat"!

MICHAEL O'CONNELL.

A DEFENCE OF POMPILIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Baltimore, 23 January 1909.

SIR,—In the review of my edition of Browning's *Old Yellow Book*, under date of 2 January, your reviewer has claimed that the evidence of the book does not justify Browning's faith in the innocence of Pompilia in real life. As such an aspersion comes very near the most vital aspects of Browning's recreative process, I wish to present a brief in behalf of Pompilia. I recognise that the evidence is conflicting and some of it is of doubtful value. For any true conclusions in the matter one must make a judicial sifting and weighing of the evidence, rather than insist on detail. Space limitations must confine me to a bare presentation of a few of the more important matters.

First, consider the helpless isolation of Pompilia as a base-born child-wife surrounded by a hostile and, as they claimed, suspicious family, who were backed by the Governor and the Bishop, and probably by polite society. Pompilia could not have escaped them unless they had connived at her escape.

Second, the flight was direct toward Rome along the open highway. If their flight had been illicit, they would have escaped into hiding, instead of rushing into the publicity of Rome where arrest for Caponsacchi with grave after results was sure to follow.

Third, although the Franceschini pushed the charge of adultery in the criminal courts they secured no penalty against the fugitives save such a light one as indicated

censure for indiscretion rather than punishment for crime.

Fourth, in the murder case the plea *honoris causa* was advanced with all possible legal skill, and in the courts the base-born wife could have had no undue advantage in sympathy over a nobleman who made a plea which polite society considered valid, who had had high ecclesiastical affiliations, and whose brother was a prosperous ecclesiast up to the time of this disgraceful affair. Guido's condemnation in the circumstances is a surprising triumph of justice against a noble.

Fifth, all this evidence was reviewed by the Civil Courts at the instance of the nunnery of the Scalette in their claim to Pompilia's property by reason of her alleged crime, and the courts by official decree declared her entirely innocent. Note that the word "*omnino*" is printed in capitals to make it more emphatic.

Finally, the affidavit of Fra Celestino, made four days after Pompilia's death, is absolutely convincing to me, and no one has a right to an opinion in the matter unless he first face these words thoughtfully. If the old priest is right, it settles the whole matter before us. If he is wrong, he swears falsely, which is unbelievable; or he was duped by hypocrisy in Pompilia. In the latter case Pompilia died with cunning deceit in her final confession, an almost unbelievable thing for a seventeen-year-old girl who had been taught the ordinary Roman Catholic attitude towards the sacrament of extreme unction. I cannot believe it possible that she could have so utterly deceived Fra Celestino and the other bystanders through those painful closing days if she had wished to, and still more I cannot conceive that she would have dared to face death thus, when confession to the priest would mean secrecy for her past crime and utter absolution on the brink of death. All she could possibly gain by hypocrisy would be spite against the Franceschini or protection for her lover. Could such motives have produced the effect shown in this affidavit?

A few words still in rebuttal of two damaging pieces of evidence. First, certain errors in Pompilia's affidavits, particularly her misstatement of the time of their arrival at Castelnovo. As I have noted in my book, Browning explains this by Pompilia's fainting through exhaustion, a plausible explanation in face of the facts. At the worst, it need imply no more than just such falsehood as might easily result from fright in her trial before the courts. Such a lie would not indicate any necessary incontinence with Caponsacchi. Yet I myself will not grant the lie.

Then there is the whole confused matter of the so-called love letters, a matter too confused to take up at length. The reader may read them and judge for himself. We may remember that they were barred out as evidence in the adultery trial, and we may note that the letter (which Guido forced his wife to write to Abate Paolo in June 1694, and which loads her parents with ridiculously impossible criminal advice) anticipates by three years the chief features of the Franceschini's later charges. I reassert, in face of the reviewer's doubts, that the letters are impossible for an illiterate sixteen-year-old child who had had little formal social training. They are full of the polite conventionalities, the well-established metaphors, the stock literary allusions which can come to one only by social practice. Even though she had mastered the mere craft of penmanship, she could not have composed these pseudo-fashionable epistles.

I therefore maintain that Pompilia had not a touch of illicit love in her relationship with Caponsacchi, and that Fra Celestino has given us the best picture of her innocence.

CHARLES W. HODELL.

TEXT-BOOKS OF LACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 February 1909.

SIR,—In the review of two of the latest additions to the history of lace, in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 23 January, the writer says "The English and Irish laces have quite as much space given them as their

uninteresting character deserves". It is difficult to understand any reason for this slighting and contemptuous dismissal of some of the most delicate and beautiful of the many fascinating varieties of this lovely fabric. It is true that while the Irish, with their inborn genius for any work with the needle, in which they excel all other nations, reproduce admirably all the foreign needle-made laces, yet the distinctive national varieties, the Carrickmacross and the Limerick, are not, strictly speaking, lace at all, being the work neither of the pillow nor of the needle. But the exquisite daintiness of the former, with its graceful designs, especially the kind that is appliqué on the fine thread net that the older Irish workers invariably used, and the beautiful tambour-worked old Limerick, with its artistic floral designs and rich variety of stitches in the fillings of the open-work parts of the pattern, which are special to this lace alone, rank among the most delicate and filmy productions of the art of the lace-maker.

Of the English laces, so much despised by your reviewer, the old Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Northamptonshire take their origin from that most beautiful lace, the Mechlin, and much of the old work in these varieties is equal to any of the Flemish pillow-lace. But the most truly distinctive and national lace of which we can well be proud is the Honiton, which traces its ancestry back to that aristocrat of the laces, the pillow-made Brussels. And in its best days this beautiful English lace, in its fineness of workmanship and excellent finish, in its skilful blending of close and more loosely twisted texture producing the actual effect of shading, in its graceful floral and arabesque designs and varied beauty of stitches au jour in the centres and open portions of the sprays, fully equalled, if it did not even surpass, its foreign relatives, while it developed a unique character of its own; so that, though it is difficult sometimes to be sure to which nationality a delicate piece of the cobwebby fabric actually belongs, it is not so from any inferiority in the English work. It is good to know that in Limerick a well-established school is now capable of producing lace that needs little but the value of age to make it equal to any of the old Limerick; and in the Midlands also much has been done to revive this valuable national industry, which had well nigh become extinct. Would that there were someone capable of doing a similar work for the Honiton of to-day, which since it lost its most artistic lover and promoter, Mrs. Treadwin, of Exeter, has shown sad signs of degeneracy owing to careless work, pooriness of design, and—greatest insult that can be offered to these works of Arachne!—the use of inferior material largely composed of cotton, the dead, uniform whiteness of which is lamentable, and can never hope to attain the "old lace" tint so essential to the beauty of the fabric and only to be seen in the true, pure flax thread.

May I add a word on the term "point" as applied to lace? Mrs. Bury Palliser, in her standard work on the history of lace, says that the origin of this word is unknown. But if we go to the true, original home of all lace we find that the Italian word "punto" means a "stitch". Thus "punto tagliato" is "cut stitch", "punto tirato" "drawn stitch", "punto in rilievo" "raised stitch", just as in other kinds of the art of the needle we find "satin stitch", "chain stitch" or "buttonhole stitch".

A LACE DEVOTEE.

THE NAME "CATHOLIC".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea S.W., Sexagesima Sunday 1909.

SIR,—Your Roman Catholic correspondents' letters are capable of infinite multiplication, as they mistake the Anglican position.

No thinking Anglican wishes or expects to extort from a Roman Catholic the title "Catholic" for himself, as he knows that it is to ask for the surrender of the Papal position to his own mere demand. There-

fore, to tell him at length that he is foolish to demand it is waste of words. He does not demand it.

But to ask the Anglican to cede the title "Catholic" to the Papal portion of the Church is to ask the impossible, for it is to ask him to be faithless to a cause of which he is in the position of a trustee. In this world's goods a trust is held sacred, though some are false to it. It is not less sacred in the things of the spirit.

Roman Catholics must therefore believe that they are thus styled not for offence but from duty—the duty to the truth (as we humbly believe) committed to our care. "Roman Catholic" is the official title of the Roman Church, in the Creed by which it admits proselytes—"the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church".

There, therefore, the question will have to be allowed to rest. Neither the Papal nor the Anglican position can ever be carried by force. Its issue will be found in the pursuit of learning under the overruling of Divine Providence. It may not be exactly as we, either Anglican or Roman, may see it now; but it will be the Truth, and it will come in God's good time.

The way to hasten that time is for us both to go about our work while continuing faithful to our trust, and forbearing one another in love.

Yours faithfully,
H. C. SOTHERAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 March 1909.

SIR,—I sometimes miss the SATURDAY, and I have only just seen the letters of Lady William Lennox and Mr. Sparrow Simpson. In spite of what they say to the contrary, it seems to me that we are all of us much more nominalists than your correspondents are willing to allow. We all, for instance, speak sans qualité of "Christian Scientists", even though we may be convinced that there is as little of Christianity as there is of science in the creed founded by Mrs. Edie. Is this wrong and immoral?

It occasionally happens to me to have to do editorial work, and one not unfrequently comes across a scrupulous contributor who thinks it necessary to refer uniformly to the "so-called Reformation". No doubt he does not think it to have been a true Reformation; neither do I. But if I am exercising editorial powers I strike the epithet out. Is this my "innocent nominalism"? Or is it Jesuitry in grain? I am afraid that I am prone to flatter myself that it is just a touch of common-sense.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
HERBERT THURSTON S.J.

A BRITISH COPYRIGHT GRIEVANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club, 23 February 1909.

SIR,—May I be permitted very heartily to endorse everything that appears under the above heading in your issue of 13 February, and to implore that you will continue and increase your efforts? The mischief wrought upon British authors, publishers, printers and allied trades is great and growing; and the root of the mischief is in the notorious Industrial Clause embodied in the United States Copyright Act. The remedy is obvious: we must have equal laws or open competition. As for the latter, that is not in our hands, and he is a bold man and an optimist who has any hope of its adoption; as to the former, it is for ourselves to act. Those engaged in the printing and other trades concerned in book-production are feeling the pinch and preparing to act. You, in your final paragraph, express the hope, and I cherish the conviction, that our publishers will "vigorously back every effort to recover for the British printing trade what has been filched from it by the American Copyright Act". The publishers have been driven to send their work overseas, not by base, unpatriotic motives, but as the inevitable consequence of an iniquitous law. There remain the primal factors in

the business of book-production—the authors. What of these? They are represented in Parliament and reputed, as a body, neither unintelligent nor unpatriotic. I enclose testimony to show that, as one of them, I am trying to find out where, in this urgent and vital business, the authors really stand. They should be in the vanguard; and—where are they? I ask your help in finding out.

Yours &c.,

HERBERT C. MACILWAINE.

THE McCULLOCH COLLECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 February 1909.

SIR,—Some of the discrepancies of the McCulloch collection have been noted in your columns. May I mention some of the humours in the hanging? Just as in the annual exhibitions at Burlington House the Academicians reject many fine pictures from a strong sense of duty, so in this case have they carefully hung many good pictures, for the same reason, in the worst positions. These lapses are never intentional, as people are fond of reiterating, for the Academy is in no sense unscrupulous. Its members are men of the strictest integrity. One could easily name a score of them who would carefully reject fine work and hang bad pictures in good positions from a genuine and overwhelming sense of doing a service to British art. They often reject good work on principle. They imagine that they are upholding the best traditions of the past and purging the annual exhibition of the worst type of morbidity, decadence, and artistic immorality. The leaven of the men who know is ineffectual; they are outvoted.

If there are doubters let them remember that pictures by Mark Fisher, Albert Moore, Peppercorn, George Hitchcock, Austen Brown, and McTaggart are all hung on the top line above work which, in no single instance, can be said to approach them in merit. The Academy is unjust from conviction—and sublimely courageous!

Yours faithfully,

HUGH BLAKER.

POLICEMEN AND A HERO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

157 Kennington Road, S.E. London,
3 March 1909.

SIR,—The scene which I wish to describe in a few words as possible happened in the Strand yesterday, and I consider it worth notice.

A crowd came surging up the street from the direction of Charing Cross, and in the midst of it were two policemen with a bareheaded man whose face was covered with blood. He either could not or would not walk along; his legs hung limp as though paralysed, and each policeman gripped an arm which was apparently as lifeless as the lower limbs. Thus he was half pulled, half dragged along. Now and again his inertia seemed to overcome all resistance and he collapsed, the policemen continuing to hold on to his arms.

I must say that I sympathised with the bleeding man and hated the police and despised the crowd which seemed to gloat over the scene. Even supposing the prisoner had been guilty of, let me say, bomb-throwing, is that a reason why, considering his pitiable state, he should be dragged through the streets? Are covered stretchers unknown, or, in the case of dangerous men, police ambulances? It is just possible that he was a step or two above the brutes.

I should like to refer to another point. What instincts does such a scene arouse in the crowd? Pity? No. Sorrow? No. Disgust? No. What then? It simply stimulates cruelty and hard-heartedness.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES RUDY.

[Our correspondent's hero was finally strapped on an ambulance, after he had fought the police might and main. We did not think the two policemen who had to struggle with him brutal.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

RUSKIN'S LETTERS.

"The Works of John Ruskin." Library Edition. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. The Letters. 2 vols. London: Allen. 1909. 25s. net each.

RUSKIN is one of the few writers whose letters we have a kind of right to see. For almost from the beginning he put himself upon a more personal footing with his readers than any other man whose professed business it was not to talk about himself. Most writers upon morals and art have seemed content to take their place in the long thin column that stretches far backward and forward into time, and the world's opinion of them has been founded in the main upon their work. Ruskin began, indeed, in anonymity, because he feared that if his name were known his teaching might fail of its effect. But by the time he had reached his prime the greater part of his power was among people who founded their opinion of his work upon his character publicly confessed or indubitably implied. He was a man of great and wide knowledge of his predecessors; and in his ideas, as more obviously in his style, he was in the direct line of descent from the earlier masters. Yet he came more and more to detach himself as far as he could from that line and to weight—even, if that were possible, to overwhelm—his ideas with his personality, his moods, his processes of thought; everything, in fact, in his spiritual and mental life was crammed into the glowing, trembling page. Long before "Fors", "Hortus Inclusus", and "Præterita", his readers must have felt sure that this man was virtually living his whole life in written words. This had its disadvantages, and readers became at times too much entangled in the Shandean path leading to his end ever to arrive at it themselves. But not the hottest of the opponents whom his heat was always begetting could ever have suspected that there lurked any deceit or anything untold behind the marvellous wavering opulence of his printed work. For him the word was the life. His books were clearly the faithful shadows cast by his life.

His private correspondence could but confirm and fortify—by revealing still more of his mental and emotional processes and results—his published writings. And that is the fact. His letters were from first to last unpublished sketches or fragments of his life work. They are playful, solemn, angry, poetic, monitory, and there is not one which does not either help in some way the understanding of his work or actually add to it a finished chapter. If his style ran away with him as a graduate of Oxford writing on the principles of art, so it did as a boy of fourteen writing to his father. If he seemed in public to be the world's schoolmaster with mournful switch, so in private he was schoolmaster to Rossetti, telling him "You are a conceited monkey, thinking your pictures right when I tell you positively they are wrong. What do you know about the matter, I should like to know?" and telling Mrs. Acland, on the subject of Miss Siddal:

"These geniuses are all alike, little and big. I have known five of them—Turner, Watts, Millais, Rossetti, and this girl—and I don't know which was, or which is, wrong-headedest. I am with them like the old woman who lived in the shoe, only that I don't want to send them to bed, and can't whip them—or else that is what they all want. Poor Turner went to bed before I expected, and 'broth without bread' the rest are quite as likely to get, as with it, if that would do them any good."

There is not a power or a charm or a fault in his character which is not as perfectly represented in the letters as in the books. For pure prose there are passages in the letters which might legitimately be preferred to anything but the best in his published work. It has the same enthusiasm, richness, movement, and accuracy, and it is not overwrought. One of the prettiest pieces was written, in a letter to his father, from Herne Hill, in March 1836, a description of rainy earth

and sky; while the letter of 1863 to his father from Talloires, describing April scenery, is a gem. For depth of spiritual feeling under various excitements Ruskin is not to be excelled when the whole of his noble nature and knowledge is dissolved together into a melody of words. In some of these letters it touches agony with a poignancy from which his extreme self-consciousness takes nothing away, as in this to his father in November 1863:

"... It is curious that I feel older and sadder, very much, in now looking at these young children—it is especially the young ones between whom and me I now feel so infinite a distance—and they are so beautiful and so good, while I am not good, considering the advantages I've had, by any means. The weary longing to begin life over again, and the sense of fate for ever forbidding it, here or hereafter, is terrible. I daresay I shall get over it in a day or two, but I was out in the playground with them this afternoon, and the sun was on the grass, and on them, and the sense of loveliness in life, and of overbrooding death, like winter, was too strong. . . ."

And again in this, written at Venice in 1877:

"To walk up the valley now, in a bright morning, with the dew on the grass, and the eternal light on the snow, and so alone! think of it, for me. Indeed, if ever now I begin to think of those old days, there are more fountains of tears in me than ever runlets through the moss of Fairies' Hollow."

Of lesser things there are enough to lighten the solemnity of the whole, as when he misses a meal in an æsthetic ecstasy and avenges himself upon a partridge and a half. Then, too, there is the humorous side, unseen by himself, in his seriousness, as when he says that he "finds it rather refreshing to do a little bit of hard thinking sometimes" (1860). The genuine humour is not lacking from such things as his remark:

"... Now that George Eliot is in heaven, I could write her epitaph without any chance of meeting her afterwards."

It gives us a pleasure slightly tinged with malice to hear him praising "Aurora Leigh" as of Shakespearean excellence, comforting himself with "Boottles' Baby" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy", and scornful of "Tartarin de Tarascon".

The letters die away after the praise of Mozart as "a Power of Nature" in 1886, through many short notes to Miss Greenaway written amid "these monsoons and cyclones of my poor old plagued brains". They end with a naturalness which is seldom the virtue of a biography. As the books will send everyone to the letters, it is equally certain that no one can read the letters without going to the books. The two incalculably aid one another and together seem to justify the verdict that in the prose branch of "the literature of power", to use De Quincey's phrase, Ruskin's work, in its influence and in its achievement, stands first in its time.

"IN THE FIGHT FOR PRUSSIA'S HONOUR."

"The Bernstorff Papers." Edited by Dr. K. Ringhoffer; translated by Mrs. Barrett-Lennard and M. W. Hoper. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1908. 21s. net.

WE have set at the head of this notice the translation of the title which the book bears in the German original, partly because it gives the key both to Count von Bernstorff's life and to the standpoint of his biographer, and partly to draw attention to a possible source of confusion. The Bernstorff family have long played an important part in the public life of Northern Europe—one of its members was the trusted Hanoverian Minister of our own George I.—and a Danish scholar has just published a collection of documents dealing with distinguished Bernstorffs of the eighteenth century, to which he has given the title "Bernstorff Papers". It is worth noting that two German books have been written on the

family and that "The Bernstorff Papers" is not a translation of "Bernstorff's Papiere".

Count Albrecht von Bernstorff, the subject of this memoir, was born in 1809, and showed in his earliest youth that devotion to Prussia which was to sustain him through the many disappointments of the 'forties and 'fifties until the first nine memorable years of Bismarck's Ministry brought about the fulfilment of his hopes. Entering the Diplomatic Service at an early age, he served at The Hague, Munich, St. Petersburg, and Paris, where he married Anna, the daughter of the Saxon Minister, von Koesteritz, a lady of much charm and talent and admirably fitted for the delicate position of a diplomatist's wife. Soon after his marriage he returned to Berlin, where he held a subordinate post in the Ministry, and in 1845 he received the appointment of Prussian Minister in Munich. Catholic Bavaria regarded the representative of Protestant Prussia as a suspicious character, but Bernstorff's tact won him the confidence of King Louis and the relations of the two Powers steadily improved. The man who could achieve this was clearly marked out for promotion, and in the spring of 1848 Bernstorff's services were adequately recognised in his appointment to Vienna. Then began the three most trying years of his life. He set foot on Austrian soil to learn that the weak-minded Emperor had fled his capital the day before, and when he entered Vienna he found the revolution in progress. With the restoration of order the new Minister opened negotiations with Schwarzenberg to determine the respective positions of Austria and Prussia in the new German State. From the first success was impossible. The King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., was a man of mediæval mind who desired the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire and regarded the young Francis Joseph as his overlord. Again and again Bernstorff saw his best efforts rendered futile by the weakness of Berlin, and there are moments when both his temper and his courage gave way under the strain. It is true that he succeeded in concluding an agreement which set the two great Powers on a footing of practical equality, but no advantage was taken of this and in the end Prussia was reduced to impotence by the Convention of Olmütz. Such sympathy as Bernstorff's unavailing exertions would naturally arouse is almost destroyed by the intense partisanship of his biographer, who, abandoning all pretence of impartiality, describes Schwarzenberg as a liar and a cheat and absolutely refuses to recognise his great ability and his vigorous, if narrow, patriotism. Had Schwarzenberg lived to confront Bismarck, Austria might have been spared the disasters of 1866; and the bitter hatred which leads the editor of these papers (Dr. Karl Ringhoffer) to traduce his memory is itself a tribute to his talents.

After Olmütz Bernstorff's recall followed as a matter of course. He entered Parliament, but in 1851 was appointed to Naples, where he spent three happy years, the easy monotony of which was broken only by the visit of the young Prince Frederick, who was somewhat bored by Italian scenery and considerably shocked at the immodesty of Greek sculpture. The family letters give us an interesting glimpse of King Bomba in the unusual rôle of an affectionate husband and a devoted father. Early in 1854 Bernstorff was suddenly transferred to London, where he remained, with one short break, for the nineteen years of life still left him. His position at the outbreak of the Crimean war was far from easy. "As had ever been their wont", comments the editor cruelly, though perhaps not unfairly, "the English troubled themselves but little about Continental politics, and as for German affairs, they disposed of them in a few general terms. According to English newspapers, the Germans might think themselves lucky to be supplied with good commodities thanks to England's trade and industry, while the little German States—all of them were little in England's eyes—could not do better than devote their money and their lives to English interests. To refuse to do so would surely be to transgress the first principles of culture and civilisation!" The other side of the case is put in a letter from the then Prince of Prussia: "Although I am not blind to the injuries that have been done us by Vienna, London, and Paris, still

I would not advise the Berlin Government to get too much on the high horse nor to ask 'Why is Prussia being treated thus?' For the answer obviously is—because Prussia was the first offender, and has taken steps which have laid her open to suspicion". Bernstorff was himself only too conscious of the vacillation of Frederick William IV.'s diplomacy, and even the editor, whose reverence for his hero overcomes his partisanship, admits that the English suspicion of Prussia was not unmerited.

The main interest of this portion of the book lies in the extracts from the vivacious reminiscences of the Countess. It is unfortunate that these do not extend beyond 1858. To her pen we owe some vigorous but prejudiced sketches of the personages of the time. She liked Queen Victoria, and was liked by her. "There is something very sympathetic yet peculiar about the Queen which strikes one the first moment one sees her. There is a touch of shyness about her whole bearing. She moves briskly and as she walks she has a way of slightly raising first one shoulder and then the other. . . . She is a happy wife and a happy mother, knows only the pleasant side of royalty and none of its drawbacks. She has the joys of family life together with all the privileges of her exalted station, and the exercise of those privileges is not the least irksome to her. It seems to me the Queen must be the most fortunate woman in the whole world; she certainly looks so!" But it is not often that the Countess writes in so kindly a tone. More often her pen is dipped in gall. Count Vitzthum, the Saxon Minister, "is something like a stoat, has a caustic way of speaking and an aggressive manner. He is vain, ambitious, blasé, and restless, and animated by a strong predilection for Austria and a great antipathy to Prussia". The last words explain the severity of the judgment, and for a similar reason the Countess thinks all Frenchmen horrid. "The diplomatists of the second-grade Powers swarm round" Walewski "like moths round a candle, or rather like little birds that gather round a screech-owl, attracted by its penetrating glances". Of Persigny she maliciously notes that "in former years he had been had up with the Emperor in an English police-court", and adds that "his manner betrayed too many tokens of the whilom croupier and parvenu". But her great aversion is Napoleon III. "He is ugly, his eyes have a dull lack-lustre expression, and in his countenance one seeks in vain for any trace of his talent, intelligence, and power of will." Of all these little sketches the most illuminating is that of the Duke of Newcastle, the War Secretary during the Crimean War. He was pointed out to her at a ball, and at first she could not believe that "this smart young man with his free-and-easy manners and his happy smile, looking as if he had not a care in the world, could be the Minister into whose hands was committed so grave a charge. I was obliged, however, to be convinced of his identity. A veil, as it were, fell from my eyes and I then understood what had hitherto been incomprehensible to me: how it was that England had been so unsuccessful in this campaign. It is not that the Duke of Newcastle alone is responsible, but I denounce the whole system, which must be utterly false and pernicious if it can lead, as I had visible experience here, to a young man without any military experience being given such a post merely in order to have a majority in Parliament".

The interest of the narrative flags when these diaries come to an end in 1858. Bernstorff's somewhat stiff character makes but little appeal, and his subsequent career is unimportant. In 1861 he became Foreign Minister and concluded a commercial treaty with France of which he was very proud. But as the constitutional cloud thickened he felt obliged to give way to the one strong man to whom Prussia could turn. He came back to London and thereafter remained aloof from the main stream of politics save for one brief moment in the autumn of 1870, when he had an interview with the Empress Eugénie. Her letter to the Prussian King, begging him not to strip France of territory, brought an answer worth quoting as illustrating the workings of Bismarck's mind. "Après avoir fait d'immense sacrifices [sic] pour sa défense", wrote the King of Prussia, "l'Allemagne veut être assurée que la guerre prochaine

la trouvera mieux préparée à repousser l'aggression sur laquelle nous devons compter aussitôt que la France aura réparé ses forces ou gagné des alliés. C'est cette triste considération seule, et non le désir d'agrandir ma patrie dont le territoire est assez grand, qui me force à insister sur des cessions de territoire qui n'ont d'autre but que de reculer le point de départ des armées françaises qui à l'avenir viendront nous attaquer." The publication of this letter is an indiscretion calculated to make the cautious Bernstorff turn in his grave.

THE OLD RÉGIME IN CANADA.

"Canadian Types of the Old Régime." By C. W. Colby. London: Bell. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

"A Canadian Manor and its Seigneurs." By G. W. Wrong. The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1908. 12s. 6d. net.

TWO books with the same root idea, to trace the growth of French Canada, not through the dramatic events of her history, but through the everyday life of her people. As it has been worked out, however, they are complementary, the one beginning where the other leaves off. Both are vivid in style and fresh in treatment, but they command interest for wholly different reasons. It is no reflection on "Canadian Types of the Old Régime" that "A Canadian Manor and its Seigneurs" has the advantage, for Professor Wrong has written of French Canada with England, rather than France, in the background, in itself a distinction. But that is not all. By means of the letters and papers hidden away for generations in the Murray Bay Manor House, he has created the atmosphere of a Seigneury as it grew and prospered under British rule. From it the owner, one of Wolfe's Highland officers, stands out in direct succession to the worthies of the old régime, drawn for us in such bold outline by Professor Colby. Jacobite and devoted soldier of the King, colonist and seigneur, he was, too, a fine type of the men who led in the expansion of our race during the eighteenth century. In his long, personal record not only are moving side-lights thrown on the frontier life of the period, but a clear impression is given of the factors which have entrenched the French solidly in Canada. One sees him in Quebec taking a leading part in its defence against the Americans, and regretting that the habitants would not follow him; transforming a few scattered houses in the wilderness into a thriving village; and vainly trying to make it English and Protestant. Even his own children spoke nothing but French till they were sent to school in Edinburgh, and all his Highlanders were absorbed, only the names and faces of their numerous descendants recalling their origin.

The cause is treated with sympathy and insight in both books. The Church has made the French of the New World into a nation, while at the same time maintaining its fidelity to the British connexion. As Professor Colby says, "it is the central fact in the life of French Canada", uniting her present and past as they are not united in the Republic, which, like her, had a religious origin and a change of political allegiance. Nor can we doubt that the hold of the Church on its people is in proportion to the loftiness of its ideal. Nowhere else in modern times were missionary effort and settlement so entirely one in spirit or sanctified by martyrdom on such a noble scale. This is the Church, historically considered, and Professor Colby does full justice to it, as Professor Wrong does to its high sense of responsibility all through the British era. The relations between the curé, who is always a Canadian, and his flock are those which existed in Europe before the Church became corrupt. It has never been corrupt in Canada, therefore it has never lost the respect and confidence of the people. The picture Professor Wrong draws of the curé who "is always the priest, a being apart, consecrated to a high office", is at once lovable and spiritually dignified. To him it is mainly due that French courtesy in all classes has never declined under the rough conditions of the frontier. On one point

Professor Colby and Professor Wrong are at variance. The former says that "never since Laval's time has Gallicanism made headway among Catholics in Canada". The latter points to the Manitoba settlement as a sign that it has, for on that question "the habitant gave an overwhelming support to the party on which the bishops were warring".

It is in the intellectual life of French Canada that the Church shows to least advantage. Up to the close of the old régime, says Professor Colby, she had produced not a single artist or scientific thinker, whereas the English colonies in the same period had produced several of world-wide fame. He attributes it to the absence of a printing press, but Professor Wrong to the heavy toll on brains taken by the Church. "It is the complaint in Great Britain and the United States that the best intellects are seeking secular pursuits." Not so in Quebec, where, however, the parishes are so large and the duties thereof so exacting that the priest has little time for literary pursuits. As for the women, it is not remarkable that Professor Colby should find "only two types, the wife and the nun". The conditions of existence in New France were too primitive for the evolution of culture or social grace. Even with all the advantages which American women have since secured everywhere it cannot be said that history is indebted to them for any marked individualities. It is a curious fact, worthy of more attention than it has yet received, that the only two of the sex given by America to the great stage of the world were the third Lady Holland and the Empress Josephine, both of them West Indians. Again Professor Colby has shown us how high the military spirit burned in New France. In Dollard's fight at the Long Sault, indeed, he has illuminated the subject with a graphic account of an heroic incident too little known, though in his sketch of D'Iberville he is not so successful. But how is it that to-day, while French Canada is of all the King's dominions overseas the most sensible of what she owes to the Empire, she is the least sensible as to how she should pay it? Professor Wrong suggests the reason by quoting a remark made by Bougainville, Montcalm's ablest lieutenant: "The Canadians need the strong hand of authority and the British method of Government will spoil them". He was thinking of military service, which was never exacted after the Occupation, since when Canadians have come to look on the protection they enjoy under the British flag as a right without a corresponding duty. The old spirit is not dead, however, or there would not be so many French Canadian families who have always a member in the Imperial Service. Even more eloquent of it is the memory of Paardeberg.

A CONQUEROR OF PERSIA.

"Nadir Shah." By Sir Mortimer Durand. London: Constable. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

UNLIKE the great Moghuls who founded the Empire of India, Nadir Shah, the conqueror of Persia, neither cultivated the arts of peace nor surrounded himself with men of letters. A soldier and, above all things, a born fighter, his life was spent in constant warfare. Babar in a scarcely less adventurous career found time to write one of the most delightful memoirs in existence. Akbar attracted to his Court men of learning and science who have recorded the story of his life and his achievements. Nadir has paid the penalty of his neglect. Little more than his name and the bare outlines and traditions of his conquests and his excesses now survive. The present author tells us how even salient events of his career are hopelessly obscured. Yet his was not a remote period of history. He was a contemporary of Clive, and died only a few years before the battle of Plassey. It would be hard to find in a literate age such gigantic feats and such an overpowering personality with so meagre a record. These considerations have led Sir Mortimer Durand to treat his subject in the form of a romance rather than a history—a choice which would have been open to little question had he the instinct and temperament necessary. His book naturally provokes comparison with "A Prince

of Dreamers", produced about the same time, in which Mrs. F. A. Steel presents the story of Akbar in a similar garb. She had, it is true, better materials to work on. It is also true that she has used them with a skill and effect that shows how history can without any sacrifice of truth be subordinated to romance and romance become the handmaiden of history. In his anxiety to produce all that is known of Nadir Shah the author has attempted too much. From a desire apparently to introduce the whole story of his life from the cradle to the grave—and little enough is known of it—he has had to fall back on the obvious device of making Nadir narrate it to the Indian girl Sitara, the heroine of the book and one of his imaginary characters. This interpolation, like many of the historical allusions and descriptive passages, are to the advantage of the history but of doubtful value to the romance.

The character of Nadir himself is finely drawn and true no doubt to life—a powerful but repulsive character, in spite of the writer's desire to picture also a human side of it. Sitara, if the truth must be told, is conventional and unconvincing. Some of the lesser actors are depicted with much more reality and force. The book abounds in graphic touches of Eastern life and scenery, and it conveys a lurid impression of the horrible barbarities and the total absence of law, order or security which made Nadir's rule a veritable reign of terror. As depicted—and truly depicted—by Sir Mortimer Durand, he had a strain of madness in his composition. In the stress and troubles of his later years it developed into a sort of homicidal mania, and left him a monster of callous cruelty. His assassins did a service to humanity.

The sack of Delhi at the opening of the story presents an opportunity which has been strangely neglected. That great historical incident is disposed of in half a page. This is all the more curious because, though he set out to write a romance, Sir M. Durand has really written a history after all. It is on its historical truth and the picture it presents of the times that the value of the work must finally rest. The element of fiction, if it has not added largely to the interest, has at least not neutralised these attributes. However judged, it must be pronounced a work of great interest and value. It bears evidence of much research and knowledge gained not merely from written records but also from rapidly perishing traditions which it saves from oblivion. It is full of local colour and atmosphere only to be gained by long residence and close observation of the scenes in which the main parts of the drama were enacted. It further gains by the author's close and sympathetic association with the people of the classes from whom the actors were drawn. No one who wishes to understand the genesis of the Persian character and the unhappy condition of the country to-day should fail to read it. Its clear and forcible style makes this an easy and pleasant task.

NOVELS.

"Tono-Bungay." By H. G. Wells. London: Macmillan. 1909. 6s.

In all probability this novel will be taken by most people as a satire on the new finance, whereas, if we mistake not, Mr. Wells is far more interested in the national conditions which make the fraudulent company promoter possible than in the actual symptoms of the social disease. The book is in form the autobiography of one George Pondervo, whose uncle (a half-educated chemist) invented a quack medicine called Tono-Bungay, made a fortune out of it, transformed himself from an unsuccessful druggist into a booming financial magnate ("One of our Conquerors", as Mr. Meredith would say), and ended in a colossal crash. The nephew (whose slender patrimony the chemist had embezzled) came into the concern on the ground-floor, but took little share in the later ambitious operations, being intent on experiments in aeronautics. We leave him earning an honest living as a torpedo manufacturer. But for Tono-Bungay he would have lived and died a shop-

assistant, for the adventurous strain which he shared with his uncle turned him from the paths of higher domestic service dictated by his mother, the house-keeper to a great county family. Our good George is by his own confession a murderer, adulterer, and swindler, and yet he is made of essentially sound stuff. Mr. Wells has created one delightful woman—the wife of the Tono-Bungay man, who never loses her sense of humour on the giddy pinnacles to which she rises—but he has put his hero into a succession of bad feminine hands. The narrow-minded dressmaker whom he makes his wife, the pretty type-writer for whom he deserts that wife, and the non-moral girl of the upper class who loves but will not marry him, are all possible women, but do not exhaust the feminine possibilities of contemporary England. The hero—though he does take the word “apologia” for a Greek neuter plural—reaches a far higher level of culture and of thoughtfulness than his environment renders likely, but he gives Mr. Wells just the mouthpiece that he needs for reflections on modern England. The book is shrewd, amusing, melancholy, and almost free from that indefinable quality for which no other word than “cheapness” has yet been devised. It seems to us the best piece of work that its author has done, and it may be quite useful to future historians of English society.

“Jimbo.” By Algernon Blackwood. London: Macmillan. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

Poor little Jimbo was only eight when his gift of imagination brought him unhappiness, and what unhappiness! When he ought to have been “playing at rabbits” his father saw him attending to the wonderful pictures he found in the fire and to the still more wonderful voices of nature from things that stupid people assumed to be inanimate. Alarmed at the thought of the gifted child “growing up to be a poet” instead of “a man”, they employed Ethel Lake as a “hard-headed” governess to “knock that nonsense out of his head”; and she did, but in doing it knocked the life out of Jimbo, at least for a time. Until Ethel came, the ghosts in the empty house beyond the lawns were all friendly, if not affectionate; but she thought it her duty to turn them into fiends, with the result that they personified themselves under the name of “Fright” for the benefit of the children. From a flutter in the ancient ivy one day Fright came in pursuit of Jimbo, who, running for his life, was tossed by the black cow and left unconscious for three hours. While the physical part of him lay dead, the rest of him went through a career of agony; and the rest of the book, the bulk of it, tells what happened then, a profoundly clever and sympathetic insight into the vastly multiplied consciousness of a child’s mind who has been made physically unconscious in an environment of dementing terror. During these three hours, lengthened into days, nights and weeks, the problem was “to escape”, and for this purpose the boy grew wings, with Ethel teaching him and having a pair of her own. After many “practice flights”, the final night came, and Jimbo flew so high, so far, that he got beyond the gravitation of the earth and found himself carried to the pale face of the moon, in front of which he saw poor Ethel hanging in space, with a broken wing, in grips with Fright, the monster of her own creation. It was only on reaching the moon that the tortured little victim of the “hard-headed” teaching woke in his bed in the night nursery, and heard the tender voice of his mother. The gravitation and astronomy suggest more of Ethel’s unfortunate teaching. She had been dismissed, of course, and had “died” before the accident of the black cow. It is more than suggested that the immortal part of her had been in communication with Jimbo during his three abnormal hours, as if to expiate the cruelty of her curriculum. The book is thus incidentally a sermon to governesses, and ought to be studied by everybody who has to do with children, except children themselves, for whom the homœopathy is quite excessive. Something more than an ordinary faculty for fiction is required to keep the narrative above burlesque, in view of its abnormal basis. One false touch and the aerial illusion would be shattered, but the realism is maintained with a sureness that carries the critical

reader even to the moon, leaving us to wonder what the writer might do if he condescended to work on the ground and to intensify his inventiveness within the frontiers of the normal. A few passages ought to be rewritten: for instance, that which sets Ethel and Jimbo flying “hand in hand”. How could the wings work?

SHORTER NOTICES.

“Letters of James Boswell to the Rev. W. J. Temple.” Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. London: Sidgwick and Jackson. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

It is one of the curiosities of literature that letters like these, that were originally published fifty-two years ago, should have passed through but one edition and then have dropped out of sight. In point of interest Boswell is now the peer of Johnson, and, like the god in Lucian who could never tell the difference between Castor and Pollux, we should not make much distinction between the one and the other. Boswell revealed Johnson’s personality. In this book Boswell reveals his own to the full. Could we say anything which would arouse more curiosity in all readers who ever heard the question posed whether Boswell wrote the famous Life owing to latent genius or owing to his being a most patent and consummate fool of a very unusual kind? The reader of these letters will have no doubt of the folly; but the peculiar kind of it is quite unintelligible even after the unrestrained exhibition of himself which Boswell gives in these letters. Rabelais made a tremendously long catalogue of the different kinds of fools, but we doubt whether he hit on the specific quality of Boswell’s folly. It has a sort of madness to genius near allied. But whether the reader can settle this question or not from these letters he will find in them a rich store of humour and amusement. Mr. Seccombe’s reprint ought to be as popular as the first one, which started on its career with a six-column notice in the “Times” of 1857. It will be almost as much of a rediscovery as the edition of half a century ago was then, when the letters were discovered by Major Stone, who found that a purchase which he had made in a shop at Boulogne was wrapped in the fragment of a letter bearing the signature of James Boswell.

“Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire.” By F. H. Cheetham. London: Lane. 1909. 16s.

Mr. Cheetham gives the English reader what he has not possessed hitherto, a readable and accurate account of the life of Napoleon III. before he became President. He has also treated events in France briefly but with intelligence, so that the resurrection of the Napoleonic legend in the person of the un-Napoleonic nephew of the great Emperor is made comprehensible. The method in which the coup d’état was carried out was repugnant to English ideas, and the genius of Kinglake, supported as it was by the diatribal abuse of Victor Hugo, branded the Emperor as a scoundrel for our educated classes. But recent researches and a better knowledge of facts have tended to bring men to a more just view, for, as Bagehot pointed out at the time, Napoleon III. became Emperor because France wanted a saviour of society. So long as he retained his mental and physical vigour he was by no means a bad ruler. He had ideals, and there was considerable nobility in many of his conceptions. Mr. Cheetham shows that these ideas existed in his mind long before he became the ruler of France, and that there was much practical sense behind his dreams. A great deal of nonsense has been written about his life when in this country, but it is clear he was by no means merely the dissolute Bohemian he has been represented. Mr. Cheetham has shown some capacity for historical research and criticism; this is not mere book-making.

(Continued on page 312.)

THE Scottish Provident Institution.

The Distinctive System of this Institution offers the substantial advantage of With-Profit Assurances at rates differing little from those usually charged for Non-Profit Policies.

Accumulated Funds, £14,000,000.

Head Office: 6 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.
London: 3 Lombard Street, E.C. 17 Pall Mall, S.W.



Head Office.
 Governor—
 SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK,
 K.C.M.G.

Incorporated
 A.D.
 1720.

ROYAL EXCHANGE

ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Fire, Life, Sea, Accidents, Burglary, Annuities,
 Employer's Liability, Fidelity Guarantees.

The Corporation is prepared to act as TRUSTEE and EXECUTOR.
 Apply for full particulars of all classes of Insurance to the Secretary,
 ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
 [Mortgages.] ESTABLISHED 1837. [Annuities.]
 CAPITAL—£1,000,000. FUNDS IN HAND—£2,000,000.
 Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman.


Lord ARTHUR CECIL, Deputy Chairman.

H. J. BRACEY, Esq.
 H. E. DUKE, Esq., K.C.
 Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR.
 Sir JOHN JARDINE, K.C.I.E., M.P.

WILLIAM MULLER, Esq.
 ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S.,
 D.Sc.
 Rt. Hon. Viscount VALENTIA, C.B.,
 M.V.O., M.P.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment at death thereafter.
 Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and on Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, *Manager and Secretary.*



THE LEGAL

INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

(with which is now merged the Profits Department of the Profits and Income Insurance Company, Limited).

CAPITAL £1,000,000.
 SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL £500,000.

Trustees: (The Hon. Mr. Justice CHANNELL,
 The Hon. Mr. Justice BARGRAVE DEANE,
 The Hon. ALFRED E. GATHORNE-HARDY.
 Chairman: J. FIELD BEALE, Solicitor.

HEAD OFFICE: 231-232 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

FIRE: The Perfect System of Fire Insurance—Special Profit-Sharing Policy.

ACCIDENT: All Branches of Accident Insurance and General Contingency.

PROFITS: Loss of Net Profit and Standing Charges due to the interruption of Business by Fire or Boiler Explosion.

Write for
particulars.

HENRY M. LOW,
GENERAL MANAGER.

LONDON, EDINBURGH & GLASGOW
ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.
 Established 1881.

THE COMPANY TRANSACTS

Life Assurance in all its Branches;
 Personal Accident and Domestic Servants' Insurance; and
 Industrial Assurance, Children's and Old Age Endowment Assurances.

The Progress of the Company can be seen from the following figures:—

Year.	Premium Income.	Assurance Funds.
1887	104,198	46,777
1897	307,951	173,360
1907	579,744	913,671

Young Men of capacity and integrity will find an Agency with the L. E. & G. offers great opportunities for promotion.

Head Office:

EUSTON SQUARE, LONDON.

Apply **THOS. NEILL,**

General Manager.

Clergy Mutual Assurance Society, 1829.

OPEN TO THE
CLERGY AND THEIR RELATIVES.

LOW PREMIUMS—LARGE BONUSES—ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
 Funds, £4,351,197. Income, £271,097.
 Bonuses Distributed, £2,258,464.

Office:—2 & 3 The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED. NO COMMISSION PAID.

"There is scarcely any other Office, perhaps there is no other Office, which holds quite such strong reserves and has quite such good bonus prospects as the Scottish Amicable. It represents British Life Assurance at its very best."

Saturday Review.

"There are few life Offices in the country possessing greater inherent attractions for new entrants than this flourishing mutual institution."—*The Statist.*

The large compound bonus of £1 15s. per cent. per annum was again declared at the last distribution of profits—31st December, 1905.

SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

LONDON - - 1 Threadneedle Street, E.O.
 HEAD OFFICE—35 St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.

THE NEWEST IDEAS

IN LIFE ASSURANCE are embodied in the plans of the
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited;
 6 PAUL STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

Particulars post free.

Good Prospects for Active Agents.

M. GREGORY, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED)

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS - - £70,000,000.

ALLIANCE

Assurance Company, Limited.

Head Office: Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.

Accumulated Funds, £16,000,000.

CHAIRMAN:

Right Hon. LORD ROTHSCHILD, & C.V.O.

The operations of the Company extend to the following, among other, branches of Insurance:—

FIRE. LIFE & ANNUITIES. MARINE.

Consequential Loss following Fire.

Workmen's Compensation.

Personal Accident and Disease.

Third Party and Drivers' Risks.

Plate Glass and Hailstorm.

Burglary and Theft.

Fidelity Guarantee.

The Company also grants

Capital Redemption Policies,

and undertakes the duties of

Trustee and Executor.

The Directors invite proposals for Loans on, and for the purchase of, Reversions and Life Interests.

Prospectus and Proposal Forms may be had on application to any of the Company's Offices or Agents.

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

"Russian Essays and Stories." By Maurice Baring. London: Methuen. 1908. 5s. net.

We welcome this book. Unlike the bulk of the numerous publications on Russia that have lately been pouring in upon us it presents a true picture of Russian life and character taken from nature. It helps to fill the gap of ignorance that still remains of a country with which we ought to be better acquainted. Mr. Baring has resided long enough among the Russians to have become master of their language and a welcome fellow-traveller to the *sérroy naród* (the lower classes). He has made it his practice to travel third class, to talk and hobnob in tea with the peasant, the soldier, the cobbler, and the Jew. His only object in writing the book, he states, is to give a record of things seen. To the two vital questions in Russia's economics—that of the peasant and of the Jews—the author devotes several interesting and instructive chapters. He reminds people who generalise about the intense misery of the peasants, the squalor in which they live, &c., that Russia is a large country, that it possesses a north, a south, an east, and a west, and that what is true about one place is quite untrue about another. So that in one village the peasants may be starving for want of bread, and a hundred miles to the north and south you may find a village where the peasants are enterprising in cottage industry, good cultivators, prosperous and even rich. The Jew question he meets by citing from Prince Ouroussov's Memoirs, a translation of which appeared recently in England. Prince Ouroussov in the clearest possible manner refutes the accusations made against General von Raaben, at the time Governor of Bessarabia, of complicity in the Jewish pogroms, and tears to shreds the legend of the letter which he is said to have received on the subject from M. Plehve, the Minister of the Interior. Mr. Baring's deductions regarding the causes of the hate the Russians have for the Jews are in our opinion erroneous. Irrefutable facts in support of our adverse opinion were, we believe, clearly established in these columns last year (23 March) in a review article entitled "The Jewish Bund in Russia". The essays and stories contained in this book, reprints for the greater part from the "Morning Post", are well worth a second reading.

"Paris in its Splendour." By E. A. Reynolds-Ball. 2 vols. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 10s.

This book was published in 1900. It now appears to be a reissue, but it is undated. We may gather that it has not been revised from the fact that there remains in it a chapter on the Paris Exhibition of 1900. This is absurdly superfluous, and the same may be said of the attempt to describe the municipal and legal life of Paris. This is superfluous because it is practically unintelligible. An absurd remark is made that the Code Napoléon is not used for taking the oath; and the salary of the Juge de Paix is stated in one place as £72 and in another at three or four thousand francs, which is about twice that amount. Too big for a guide-book, and of no literary value for the library, it is a mediocre compilation of which the best that can be said is that it is not worse than we should expect such a book-making job to be.

"Political Annals of Canada." By A. P. Cockburn. London: Stanley Paul. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Cockburn has enjoyed so many advantages from his long political career in Canada that we might have expected a much better book than this. To a considerable extent its chapters read like a series of summaries of Parliamentary proceedings taken from a daily paper. As a record of the purely political side of the Dominion and the Provinces the volume will have its uses for students of Canada's internal development. Mr. Cockburn ought to know better than to speak of "the appointment of John George Lambton M.P., Earl of Durham". There are several slips in names and descriptions.

"The Economic Interpretation of History." By Thorold Rogers. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 2s. 6d.

This book was never more needed than now, when economic method has become so much more historical and inductive. The reprint is a handsome one, and very light, but it includes a little spelling &c. that has not been done by the author.

"Stephens' Book of the Farm." London: Blackwood. 1908. 10s. 6d.

This is Vol. II., "revised and largely rewritten". It has to do with farm crops, and the information is as comprehensive as established knowledge can make it. There is not a crop that one may not learn to grow from the book—in so far as the thing can be learnt from books.



By Appointment to H.M. the King.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.,
Glasgow & London.

"G.B." "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal" Analyses and Medical Opinions post free.

DIABETES WHISKY

49/- Per Dozen,
Carriage paid.

For Kidney Complaints,
for Rheumatism & Gout

OF THE PROPRIETORS,

GEORGE BACK & CO. 13 Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate

TELEGRAMS: "DIABETES, LONDON."
TELEPHONE: 2638 LONDON WALL.

IN GASTRIC DISORDERS.



A Pancreatised Milk and Wheat Food.

From its being so bland and readily digestible, the "Allenburys' DIET has been found a particularly valuable food in all gastric disorders. It can be retained and assimilated when other forms of nourishment fail to agree, improving the capacity for general assimilation. It is readily made by the addition of boiling water only. In tins, 1/6 and 3/-, of Chemists.

A large sample for three penny stamps to cover postage.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard St., London.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

THE BEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR

**COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

Acts like a charm in

**Diarrhoea, Cholera,
and Dysentery.**

The most Valuable Remedy
ever discovered.

The only Palliative in
**NEURALGIA,
TOOTHACHE, COLIC,
RHEUMATISM.**

Cuts short all attacks of SPASMS.
Convincing Medical Testimony
accompanies each Bottle.

Avoid disappointment: insist on having
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne.

The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.

Of all
Chemists,



1/11,
2/0 & 4/6.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

THE RECORD OF 1908.

The fiscal year ending December 31st was pre-eminently a prosperous one for the policyholders of this Company. In every material respect their interests have been advanced.

FAYOURABLE FEATURES OF THE YEAR MAY BE NOTED AS FOLLOWS:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The Assets are now	110,685,619	14	9	The Total Income for 1908 was	17,429,163	12	4
An Increase of	9,211,898	15	9	An Increase of	760,893	16	8
The total net reserve for outstanding Policies and Annuities is	88,939,982	15	0	The New Insurance Paid for (not including revived) was	19,286,856	13	6
An Increase of	2,678,228	14	11	An Increase of	9,282,739	12	7
The reserve held for payment of Deferred Bonuses and other Contingencies (so-called "Surplus") is	17,627,308	5	1	The Interest and Rents received were	4,989,848	0	9
An Increase of	5,814,008	11	6	An Increase of	301,119	18	0
The Premium Income for 1908 was	12,113,891	16	11	On the other hand the Death Claims paid during the year were	4,448,628	5	9
An Increase of	483,665	18	8	A Decrease of...	334,540	13	4

INCREASED BONUSES.

There has been appropriated for Bonuses to be paid in Cash in 1909 the sum of £2,277,676 1s. 1d.

This sum greatly exceeds the largest amount ever before paid in a single year by any Company. The increase made in the annual Bonuses of the Mutual Life in recent years, as a result of changes and improvements instituted by the Board of Trustees, is unparalleled.

IN ECONOMY OF MANAGEMENT THE COMPANY STANDS PRE-EMINENT.

The total expense of management (exclusive of taxes) paid in 1908 was £1,462,665 8s. 9d.

This is but 8'39 per cent. of the total income—a lower ratio of expense than any American Company doing a general business has heretofore been able to show. It has sometimes been asserted that the decreasing expenses of various Companies in recent years are due merely to a smaller amount of new insurance written. This is not true of The Mutual Life. Although there has been an increase in new paid-for business in 1908 of £9,282,739 12s. 7d. over the amount written in 1907, involving an increase of £88,846 3s. 4d. in first commissions, the other expenses show reduction aggregating £151,704 2s. 9d., making a net reduction in expense of management of £62,857 19s. 5d.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31st, 1908.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Net Policy Reserve	88,939,982	15	0	Real Estate	5,379,061	10	2
Other Liabilities on Policies	1,107,299	18	0	Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	25,897,528	0	2
Premiums and Interest paid in advance	375,090	17	2	Loans on Policies	12,946,315	16	11
Bonuses payable in 1909	2,277,676	1	1	Collateral Loans	513,347	0	5
Miscellaneous Liabilities	358,261	18	5	Bonds (book value) and Stocks (market value)	63,506,981	19	0
Held for future Bonuses and Contingencies	17,627,308	5	1	Cash	806,287	17	10
				Interest and Rents due and accrued	790,711	10	1
				Premiums in course of collection	845,386	0	2
Total Liabilities	£110,685,619	14	9	Admitted Assets	£110,685,619	14	9

Further Information will be supplied on application to **THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.**
Head Office for the United Kingdom: 16, 17, & 18 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C. J. H. HARRISON HOGGE, General Manager.

POOLE & LORD

INDIAN AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS,

322 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(NEARLY OPPOSITE BOND STREET.)

INVENTORS OF THE

"Sans-Plis" SHIRT.

Prices from 7s. 6d.

The "SANS-PLIS" Shirt is superior to any other for Indian and Colonial wear, being entirely free from gathers, it is cooler, much stronger, and will bear the Indian mode of washing better than any shirt in use.

A single shirt, or other article, made to measure, and accurate patterns preserved to ensure correctness in the execution of future orders.

Makers of Drawers with Flexible Hip Belt Bands.

"BREECHES CUT."

ORIENT-ROYAL MAIL LINE

TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, & TASMANIA.

STEAMERS LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAID, and COLOMBO.

Managers—F. GREEN & CO.; ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.

Head Office—FENCHURCH AVENUE, LONDON.

For Passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 28 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

ROYAL SOCIETY of PAINTER-ETCHERS and ENGRAVERS, 5A PALL MALL EAST, S.W.—The 27th ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, 10-6. Admission 1s.

W. P. D. STEBBING, Secretary.

TYPEWRITING, 9d. per 1,000 words; carbons, 3d. per 1,000. French and German Typewriting, 1s. per 1,000. Translations. Duplicating, 1s. per 100 copies (quarto), 15s. 1,000 copies. Best work, accuracy and promptitude. G. WALKER, 14 Park Road, New Cross, S.E.

Bell's

THREE NUNS

TOBACCO


Second to None.

The man who takes plenty of exercise and smokes the coolest of tobaccos—Three Nuns—has a long life before him.

"Three Nuns" (mild).
"King's Head" (medium).
1 oz. packets, 2 oz. and 4 oz. tins.
6d. per oz.

THREE NUNS CIGARETTES
4d. per packet of 10.

Obtainable Everywhere.



A SELECTION FROM Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS, 1909.

MODERN CONSTITUTIONS. A Collection of the Fundamental Laws of Seventy-Two of the most important Countries of the World. With Historical Introductions, Notes, and Bibliographies. By WALTER FAIRLEIGH DODD, Ph.D. 21s. 6d. net.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS. By GEORGE W. CRICFIELD. Illustrated. 2 Vols. Royal 8vo. 25s. net.

THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT, 1906. By V. R. ARONSON. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

THE INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL INFLUENCE OF THE ENGLISH PATENT SYSTEM. By A. F. RAVENSHEAR. Large crown 8vo. 5s. net.

TOWARDS SOCIAL REFORM. By Canon and Mrs. BARNETT. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

SOURCE BOOK IN ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. By CHARLES M. BAKEWELL, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. Large crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

THE PANAMA CANAL AND ITS MAKERS. By VAUGHAN CORNISH, D.Sc., F.R.G.S. With a Map and 63 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo. 5s.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN. The Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist. Edited by W. H. CHESON. With 2 Portraits and an Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE. Large crown 8vo. 5s. net.

HISTORY OF CIVILISATION. By CHARLES SEIGNOBOS. Vol. I. Ancient Civilisation. II. Mediæval Civilisation. III. Contemporary Civilisation. 5s. net each volume.

THAT ROCK GARDEN OF OURS. By Professor F. E. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A. With 8 Coloured Plates and 42 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

MYSTERIOUS PSYCHIC FORCES. An Account of the Author's Investigations in Psychical Research, together with those of other European Savants. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. With 21 Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND THE RESURRECTION. By JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D., LL.D. Large crown 8vo. 5s. net.

PSYCHOLOGICAL TEXT-BOOKS.

By CHARLES HUBBARD JUDD, Ph.D., Professor of Psychology, and Director of the Psychological Laboratory at Yale University.

1. **PSYCHOLOGY—GENERAL INTRODUCTION.** Large crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d. net.
2. **LABORATORY MANUAL OF PSYCHOLOGY.** Large crown 8vo. cloth, 4s. net.
3. **LABORATORY EQUIPMENTS FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS.** Large crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

NEW 6s. NOVELS.

TRANSPLANTED DAUGHTERS.

By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON.

THE CANON'S DILEMMA.

By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

HIGH LIFE IN THE FAR EAST.

By JAMES DALZIEL.

THE CAPTURE OF PAUL BECK.

By M. McDONNELL BODKIN.

JOHN BROOME'S WIFE.

By E. B. MOFFAT.

THE WAYS OF MEN.

By HERBERT FLOWERDEN.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1 Adelphi Terrace, London.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

FICTION

Only April (Gurner Gillman); Underground (John K. Leys). Greening. 6s. each.
Teresa (Edith Ayrton Zangwill). Smith, Elder. 6s.
My Lady of Shadows (John Oxenham). Methuen. 6s.
The New June (Henry Newbolt). Blackwood. 6s.
Mrs. Whiston's House Party (Thomas Cobb). Everett. 6s.
The Prince's Pranks (Charles Lowe). Lane. 6s.
The Yellow God (H. Rider Haggard). Cassell. 6s.
The Compact (Ridgwell Cullum). Chapman and Hall. 6s.
Catherine (Eva Coventry). Drane. 3s. 6d.
Jan of the Windmill (Juliana Horatia Ewing). Bell. 2s. 6d. net.
A Castle of Dreams (Netta Syrett). Chatto and Windus. 6s.
Pomp and Circumstance (Dorothea Gerard); God's Good Woman (Eleanor S. Terry). Long. 6s. each.

HISTORY

Royal Lovers and Mistresses (Angelo S. Rappoport). Greening. 16s. net.
Malaria and Greek History (W. H. S. Jones). Manchester: At the University Press. 5s. net.
The Foundations of the English Church (J. H. Maude), The Saxon Church and the Norman Conquest (C. T. Cruttwell), 2s. 6d. net each; The End of the Middle Age (Eleanor C. Lodge), 2s. 6d. Methuen.
The Russo-Japanese War (Captain F. R. Sedgwick), 5s. net; Studies in Roman History (E. G. Hardy), 6s. Sonnenschein.
The Third French Republic (Frederick Lawton). Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.
Seventeenth-Century Men of Latitude (Edward Augustus George), Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

LAW.

A Practical Guide to the Law of Agricultural Holdings (J. W. Stanton). Cox. 5s. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

The Official Year-Book of the Church of England. S.P.C.K. 3s.
The Schoolmaster's Year-Book and Directory. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

A Text-book of Experimental Psychology (Charles S. Myers). Arnold. 8s. 6d. net.
Psychology and Crime (Hugo Münsterberg). Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.
Ethics (John Dewey and James H. Tufts). Bell. 8s. 6d. net.
Opinions on Men, Women and Things (Harry Quilter). Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

Corinthians I. and II. (Edited by S. C. Carpenter); The Epistles of St. Paul to the Galatians and to the Romans (Edited by H. W. Fulford). Cambridge: At the University Press. 1s. 6d. net each.
Reginald Pecock's Book of Faith (Edited by J. L. Morison). Glasgow: Maclehose. 5s. net.
Life after Death (Rev. S. C. Gayford). Masters. 2s. 6d. net.
Light on the Advent (T. Naylor). Stock. 5s. net.

TRAVEL

The Short Cut to India (David Fraser). Blackwood. 12s. 6d. net.
The Wander Year (J. H. Yoxall). Smith, Elder. 6s. net.
Madrid (Albert F. Calvert). Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
Every-Day Japan (Arthur Lloyd). Cassell. 12s. net.

VERSE

Roses and Shamrock (L. Ann Cunnington). De La More Press. 5s. net.
New Poems (Arnold Wall). Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s. net.
Joan of Arc (John Presland). Simpkin, Marshall. 5s. net.
Golden Gates (F. E. Palin). Stock. 2s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Drumkey's Year Book for East Africa (Y. S. A. Drumkey). Drumkey. 7s. 6d. net.
Faith (R. B. Cunningham Graham). Duckworth. 6s.
Immortal's Great Task, The (Smith, Elder). 3s. 6d. net.
In re Shakespeare (G. G. Greenwood). Lane. 2s. 6d. net.
John Bull's Open Door. Bartlett's Publishing Co. 1s. net.
Latin and English Idiom (H. Darnley Naylor). Cambridge: At the University Press. 2s.
Psyche's Task (J. G. Frazer). Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.
Sense of the Infinite, The (Oscar Kuhns). New York: Holt. \$1.50 net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR MARCH:—The English Review, 2s. 6d.; The Art Journal, 1s. 6d.; The Financial Review of Reviews, 1s.; The Socialist Review, 6d.; The Hindustan Review, 8 annas; Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d.; The Bibliophile, 6d.; The Connoisseur, 1s.; The Empire Review, 1s.; United Service Magazine, 2s.; Mercure de France, 1 fr. 50; The Geographical Journal, 2s.; The Country Home, 6d.; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3 fr.; The International, 1s.; The Westminster Review, 2s. 6d.; The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.; The Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d.; National Defence, 1s.; The National Review, 2s. 6d.; The Antiquary, 6d.; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society, 5s.; Scotia, 7d.

Beethoven's Letters.

Critical Edition, with Explanatory Notes by
DR. ALF. CHR. KALISCHER.

Translated, with Preface, by J. S. SHEDLOCK, B.A.
Photogravure Frontispiece, many interesting Portraits, Fac-
similes of Music hitherto unpublished, &c.
2 vols. demy 8vo. 21s. net.

This will be the First Complete English Edition of
Beethoven's Letters and will contain over 1,100 Letters and
Notes.

Prospectus post free on application.

THE NEW FIFTY "EVERYMAN"

CLOTH 1/- NET.

LEATHER 2/- NET.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 341 | GLEIG'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON |
| 342-3 | LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB 2 Vols. |
| 344 | ARISTOPHANES, FRERE'S TRANSLATION |
| 345 | CICERO'S SELECT LETTERS AND ORATIONS |
| 346 | CRAIK'S MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE |
| 347 | SWIFT'S TALE OF A TUB, &c. |
| 348 | GILFILLAN'S LITERARY PORTRAITS |
| 349 | BALZAC'S CAT AND RACKET, &c. |
| 350 | BLACKMORE'S SPRINGHAVEN |
| 351 | BRONTË'S VILETTE |
| 352 | BURNEY'S EVELINA |
| 353 | GEORGE ELIOT'S FELIX HOLT |
| 354 | ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN'S
THE CONSCRIPT and WATERLOO |
| 355-6 | FIELDING'S TOM JONES 2 Vols. |
| 357 | RICHELIEU, By G. P. R. JAMES |
| 358 | MARRYAT'S PERCIVAL KEENE |
| 359 | THACKERAY'S XMAS BOOKS |
| 360 | TROLLOPE'S DR. THORNE |
| 361 | TROLLOPE'S SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON |
| 362 | YONGE'S HEIR OF REDCLYFFE |
| 363-4 | HUGO'S LES MISERABLES 2 Vols. |
| 365-6 | ANNALS OF FAIRYLAND 2 Vols. |
| 367 | JULES VERNE'S DROPPED FROM THE CLOUDS |
| 368 | JULES VERNE'S ABANDONED |
| 369 | JULES VERNE'S SECRET OF THE ISLAND |
| 370 | MARRYAT'S SETTLERS IN CANADA |
| 371 | UNCLE TOM'S CABIN |
| 372-4 | FROUDE'S HENRY VIII. 3 Vols. |
| 375 | FROUDE'S EDWARD VI. |
| 376 | MACHIAVELLI'S HISTORY OF FLORENCE |
| 377-8 | MILMAN'S HISTORY OF THE JEWS 2 Vols. |
| 379 | SWEDENBORG'S HEAVEN AND HELL |
| 380 | THE KORAN, RODWELL'S TRANSLATION |
| 381 | EVERYMAN AND OTHER PLAYS |
| 382 | LONGFELLOW'S POEMS |
| 383 | MARLOWE'S PLAYS AND POEMS |
| 384 | MILTON'S POEMS |
| 385-6 | DON QUIXOTE, MOTTEUX'S TRANSLATION 2 Vols. |
| 387 | BOSWELL'S TOUR IN THE HEBRIDES |
| 388-9 | HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES, Vols. VII. & VIII. Completing the Work |
| 390 | LYTTON'S PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE |

READY MARCH 11th

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS'

OR DIRECT FROM

J. M. DENT & CO.,

ALDINE HOUSE, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

Complete Lists can be had Post Free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

Psyche's Task. A Discourse concerning the Influence of Superstition on the Growth of Institutions. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

The book is "an attempt to sort out the seeds of good from the heap of evil which we call superstition, just as Psyche was given the task of sorting out the different kinds of seeds." The subjects dealt with are Government, Private Property, Marriage, and Respect for Human Life.

Peace and Happiness. By Lord AVEBURY. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Jimbo. A Fantasy. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, Author of "John Silence," &c. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

MORNING POST.—"It is a powerful piece of work, very closely thought out and knit."

Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero. By W. WARDE FOWLER, M.A., Author of "The Roman Festivals of the Period of the Republic," &c. With Map and Plans. 8vo. 10s. net.

Monuments of Christian Rome. From Constantine to the Renaissance. By ARTHUR L. FROTHINGHAM, Ph.D., Professor of Archaeology and Ancient History at Princeton University. Illustrated. Extra crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
[Handbooks of Archaeology and Antiquities.] [Tuesday.]

The Ancient Greek Historians. (Harvard Lectures.) By J. B. BURY, Litt.D., LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The County Lieutenancies and the Army, 1803-1814. By the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE, Author of "The History of the British Army." 8vo. 10s. net.

The Poor Law Report of 1909. A Summary Explaining the Defects of the Present System and the Principal Recommendations of the Commission, so far as relates to England and Wales. By HELEN BOSANQUET. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

NEW 6s. NOVELS.

TONO-BUNGAY. By H. G. WELLS.

SECOND IMPRESSION NOW READY.

One Immortality. By H. FIELDING HALL, Author of "The Soul of a People," &c.

MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd., London.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY & AFTER. MARCH.

THE FUTURE OF CONSTITUTIONAL TURKEY. By Professor A. VAMBÉRY, C.V.O.

INDIA REVISITED. By Lieut.-Colonel C. F. MASSY (late Commissioner in the Punjab).

SCOTTISH ORDERS AND CATHOLIC REUNION. By the Rev. ARCHIBALD FLEMING, D.D.

THE MAKING OR MARRING OF THINGS MILITARY. By Lieut.-Colonel ALSAGER POLLOCK.

A YEAR WITH THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE. By E. K. ALLEN.

THE DEFAMERS OF SHAKESPEARE. I. By Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart.

THE MISSING ESSENTIALS OF ECONOMIC SCIENCE. By W. H. MALLOCK.

SOME SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS A SOLUTION OF THE EDUCATION PROBLEM. By Lady FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

EDWARD FITZ-GERALD: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE. By MARY ELEANOR FITZ-GERALD-KERRICH.

A LESSON FROM AUSTRALIA. By Senator E. PULSFORD.

TRADITION VERSUS ENQUIRY IN IRISH HISTORY. By Mrs. JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

CALIGULA'S GALLEYS IN THE LAKE OF NEMI. By St. CLAIR BADDELEY.

HOW WE CAME TO BE CENSORED BY THE STATE. (Concluded.) By GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

OXFORD AND THE WORKING CLASSES. By J. B. RYE.

IRELAND "IN EXTREMIS." By IAN MALCOLM.

LONDON: SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 NEW-STR. SQUARE,
315

SALES BY AUCTION.

THE COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PORCELAIN OF
J. LOWRY LIGHTFOOT, ESQ.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 12 Wellington Street,
Strand, W.C., on THURSDAY, MARCH 11, and Following Day, at One o'clock
precisely, PORCELAIN, POTTERY, AND OTHER WORKS OF ART,
including the collection of English Porcelain of J. Lowry Lightfoot, Esq.,
comprising Worcester, Chelsea, Crown Derby, Derby, Bristol, and other Porcelain;
the collection of a gentleman, consisting of old Stafford and other English Pottery;
Masonic Jewels, Badges, &c., a few Bronzes, Oriental Porcelain; also a Violin,
made by A. Stradivarius in 1715, in fine condition, the property of a Baronet.

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had.

THE LIBRARY OF THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF
COLCHESTER (DECEASED) AND THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE
FALKLAND WARREN, ESQ.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 12 Wellington Street,
Strand, W.C., on TUESDAY, MARCH 16, and Following Day, at One o'clock
precisely, BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS, including the LIBRARY of the Right
Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF COLCHESTER (deceased), the LIBRARY of
the late FALKLAND WARREN, Esq., and other Properties, comprising Rare
Americana; Oriental Manuscripts and Printed Books; Publications of the
Kalmiscott and Dove Presses; Shallice Club Publications; Rare Works in
English Poetry and Drama; a collection of Tracts by Martin Luther, mostly First
Editions, with fine Woodcut Borders by Holbein, Cranach, Burgmaier, &c.; Fine
Works in Natural History with Coloured Plates; Fine Art Books, collections of
Military Costumes; collection of Illustrations by George Cruikshank; Blake's Songs
of Innocence and of Experience (1789), &c.

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had.

ILLUMINATED AND OTHER MANUSCRIPTS AND VALUABLE
PRINTED BOOKS.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 12 Wellington Street,
Strand, W.C., on THURSDAY, MARCH 18, and Following Day, at One o'clock
precisely, ILLUMINATED AND OTHER MANUSCRIPTS AND VALUABLE
PRINTED BOOKS, comprising fine Books of Hours, manuscript and printed;
Bibles, Antiphonals and other Service Books; Illuminated Persian Manuscripts;
Italian, French, Flemish and Spanish Manuscripts; a fine Flemish Antiphonale of
the XIVth Century; Dean Swift's Own Copy of his and Pope's Miscellanies, with
numerous Annotations by him; Burns's Poems with Autograph Notes; First
Edition of Walton's Angler, and Shakespeare's Poems; an Interesting Bunyan
Bible; Fourth Folio Shakespeare; Rare Early Printed English and Foreign Books,
many with fine Woodcuts; First Editions of Mrs. Browning's Works, &c.

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had.

THE MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD
AMHERST OF HACKNEY, DECEASED. (SECOND AND FINAL
PORTION.)

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 12 Wellington Street,
Strand, W.C., on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, and Three Following Days, at One
o'clock precisely, the magnificent LIBRARY of choice and valuable Books and
Manuscripts, the Property of the Right Hon. LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY,
deceased. (Second Portion.)

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had, price 1s. each.

The attention of Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners, who may be desirous
of selling Works of Art, Family Jewels, Old Silver, Furniture, Pictures, Prints,
Miniatures, China, Coins, Books, Old Lace, Furs, Musical Instruments, Guns,
and other Valuables, is drawn to Messrs.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S

AUCTION GALLERIES, 9 CONDUIT STREET, AND 23A MADDOX STREET, W.,
which are Open Daily to receive goods intended for early sales.

VALUATIONS are prepared for Fire Insurance, Estate Duty, and all other pur-
poses. As to Insurance, owners are reminded that, for security, Messrs. KNIGHT,
FRANK & RUTLEY's detailed inventory and valuation of the contents of a Town or
Country Mansion is an important adjunct to their Fire Insurance Policies.

H. SOTHERAN & CO., BOOKSELLERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC
INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA,
AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue of fresh Purchases. Specimen number post free.
LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED AND CATALOGUED AND
ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Codes: UNICODE and A B C.
140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.
Telephone: CENTRAL 1515. Telephone: MAYFAIR 3601.

R. ANDERSON & CO.,

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT
CONTRACTORS,

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.,

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice,
Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

YOUR TREASURED MS.



Why not print it? Most people have
written a book, but have not printed it
because they lacked information as to cost
of production. This may be obtained
without fee from

GARDEN CITY PRESS Ltd., Fine Book Printers, Letchworth.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Subscription List will close on or before Wednesday,
10th March, 1909.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

CITY OF WINNIPEG.

Issue of

£500,000 4 per Cent. Consolidated Registered Stock
Due 1st April 1910.

Principal and Interest will be payable at the Bank of Montreal,
47 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or at the holders' option at par of
Exchange at the Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg, or other Office where the
Stock may be registered for the time being. Interest will be payable
half-yearly on April 1 and October 1, with a full six months' interest on
October 1, 1909.

Issue Price, £100 per Cent.

Payable as follows:—

£5	per cent.	on Application.
£20	"	on March 16, 1909.
£25	"	on March 23, 1909.
£25	"	on April 7, 1909.
£25	"	on April 15, 1909.

£100

Payment may be made in full on any instalment date, under discount at
the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum.

The BANK OF MONTREAL, 47 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., is
authorised by the City of Winnipeg to receive subscriptions for the above-
mentioned Stock.

The Stock is charged upon the general rates of the City and is issued
under the authority of the Charter of the City of Winnipeg (Statutes of
Manitoba 1902 Ch. 77) and amending Acts and By-laws passed in pursuance
thereof, and will rank *pari passu* with existing Stock.

The proceeds of the loan are required to pay for local improvements and
power works and for other purposes.

The following information is furnished by the City Authorities:—

1. The existing debt of the City, exclusive of the present issue, is
\$16,427,864.16 = £3,285,372.
2. The Rateable Assessment for year 1908, \$116,101,390 = £23,220,278.
3. Property exempt from taxation, in addition to the above-mentioned
Assessment, \$21,737,990 = £4,347,598.
4. Estimate Revenue for 1909, \$3,180,000 = £636,000.
Estimated Expenditure for 1909, \$3,155,000 = £631,000.
5. Rate of taxation for the year 1908, 15 mills on the Dollar.
6. Estimated population, 125,000.
7. The By-laws provide for a Sinking Fund, to be levied annually at a
rate which it is estimated will be sufficient to redeem the Stock at maturity.

Applications must be made for even multiples of £100 on the form enclosed
with the prospectus and lodged with the Bank of Montreal, 47 Threadneedle
Street, London, E.C., accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount
of Stock applied for.

The validity of the Issue has been certified by the Legal Adviser to the
Bank of Montreal in Canada. Copies of the above-mentioned Statutes
may be inspected at the Offices of Messrs. Bischoff, Dodgson, Cox, Bompas
& Bischoff, 4 Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

The stock will be registered and transferable by Deed free of Stamp
Duty at the Bank of Montreal, London.

Full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which applications will alone be
received) and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Bank of
Montreal, 47 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and of Messrs. J. and A.
Seringeour, 37 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

London, March 6, 1909.

MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Man's Peculiarities, Weaknesses, Diseases,
Degeneration, and Remedies.

At all Libraries and Booksellers, and the Times Book Club. 7s. 6d. net.

London: HENRY KIMPTON, 13 Farnival Street, E.C.

ELTHAM COLLEGE, KENT.

(THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL.)

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION

MARCH 24th and following days. Apply Headmaster, Rev. A. E.
RUBIE D.D.

HAMPSTEAD.—FROGNAL PARK, LONDON, N.W.

St. Basil's Roman Catholic PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS.
Beautiful grounds on the top of Hampstead Hill, close to Hampstead Heath.

ELY CATHEDRAL

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the
"LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral.
MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

DARTMOOR.—Boarding in Private House (Men
only from November to March). Very Suitable for Reading Parties.
Lovely country. Warm and sheltered situation. Some rough rabbit-shooting.
Boys taken for holidays.—Apply CANTAB, Middelcott, Ilington, Newton Abbe
South Devon.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Subscription List will open on Monday, March 8, 1909, and close on or before 4 p.m. on Thursday, March 11, 1909.

MEXICO TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, LIMITED,

(Incorporated under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada.)

An application to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada is pending with the object of increasing the Company's powers and changing its name to

MEXICO NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

SHARE CAPITAL:

Authorised, \$40,000,000; Issued, \$15,000,000.

BONDS: FIRST MORTGAGE 50-YEAR GOLD BONDS.

\$5,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 Issued (subject to increase as below mentioned), bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum.

THE BANK OF SCOTLAND

Is authorised by the Contractors of this Issue to offer on their behalf, and to receive applications at 90 per cent. for

£2,400,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage 50-Year Gold Bonds
(Being part of the £3,000,000 of the above-mentioned issue)

In denominations of £100 each, payable as follows:—

For a £100 Bond: £10 on Application; £25 on Allotment; £25 on May 1, 1909; £30 on June 1, 1909.. £90 0 0

or the whole may be paid on allotment or on any Wednesday prior to May 1, 1909, under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

Interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be charged on overdue instalments.

The first full half-year's interest coupon in respect of the Bonds now offered will be paid on March 1, 1910, but the Allottees will be entitled in respect of the said Bonds purchased to an interim coupon on September 1, 1909, for interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, calculated on the various instalments from the due dates thereof to August 31, 1909.

The issue of £5,000,000 of First Mortgage 50-Year Gold Bonds, bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, is created under the authority of the by-laws of the Company and will be secured by a Trust Deed in favour of the National Trust Company Limited, of Toronto, Canada, as Trustee, to be dated March 5, 1909. Under the terms of the Trust Deed the Bonds are constituted a specific first charge, first on the immovable property of the Company, and on all Bonds, Debentures, Debenture Stock, or other securities or shares of other Companies owned by it, and a general floating charge upon all other assets and property of the Company. The Bond Issue may, subject to and under the provisions of the Trust Deed, be increased for extensions of lines, construction of terminals, double tracking, and other special purposes as therein mentioned, it being provided that all additional securities and assets acquired by such additional Bonds, or the proceeds thereof, shall form additional security for the entire Bond Issue.

The said Bonds will be dated March 1, 1909, and are redeemable at par on March 1, 1959, by means of annual payments by the Company to the Trustee, commencing March 1, 1919, to be applied in annual drawings at par, or by purchase of the Bonds on the market or by tender if they are at or below that price, or the Bonds may be redeemed at 105 per cent. at any time on six months' notice, or on the Company going into voluntary liquidation, or amalgamating with any Company or Companies.

The Bonds are to be kept, but can be registered at the holder's option in London at the Company's Office.

The interest on the Bonds will be payable half-yearly on March 1 and September 1 by means of Coupons attached to the Bonds, at the offices of the Bank of Scotland, London, and at such other places as the Company may from time to time appoint.

The following information is supplied by F. S. Pearson, Dr.Sc., M.I.C.E., by the authority and direction of the Board of Directors:—

The Mexico Transportation Company, Limited (hereinafter referred to as the Company), is formed with the objects (*inter alia*) of providing the mining, timber, grazing, and agricultural regions of Northern Mexico with railroad facilities, and also of acquiring and developing timber lands and carrying on a lumber business.

The Republic of Mexico covers an area of 767,000 square miles, with a population of more than 13,500,000. On September 1, 1908, there were only 14,780 miles of railroad in operation in the Republic—one mile of railroad for every fifty-five square miles. At the same date in the United States there were 229,951 miles of railroad being operated—one mile for every thirteen square miles.

RAILWAYS.

The Company, with a view to carrying out some of its objects, is acquiring control of the Chihuahua and Pacific Railroad Company and the Sierra Madre and Pacific Railroad Company, operating at the present time 210 miles of lines, and proposes, in the immediate future, to acquire further lines and construct extensions (for which concessions have been granted), amounting to about 402 miles, which it is expected will be in operation by January 1, 1911, thus increasing the mileage of the railroads to 612 miles.

One terminal of the Railroads, above referred to, will be at El Paso, Texas, which is the chief railway centre in the South-Western portion of the United States, as well as being the most important commercial city for the shipment of machinery and supplies to the mining districts. Six important lines centre at El Paso.

Another terminal will be at Chihuahua, the chief city of Northern Mexico, and the principal depot for supplies required by the Haciendas and mining camps of North-Western Mexico.

Large smelting works exist at both El Paso and Chihuahua, and a line of railroad is projected from Chihuahua into the coal fields of North-Eastern Mexico.

The railroads which it is proposed to build immediately are all to be located in the mining, timber, and agricultural regions described above, but the financial plans of the Company contemplate, and later it is proposed building, a line across the Sierra Madre Mountains to the Pacific Coast, where such extension will connect with the extensive system now being built by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, west of such mountain range. This system, in connection with the line to El Paso, will form one of the shortest lines between Chicago, Kansas City and St. Louis and the Pacific Coast, and afford the most direct route from all Mississippi Valley points to the West Coast of Mexico; it will also afford another outlet for lumber manufacturers along the line of the system.

A large business in carrying cattle will also be done, as the grazing lands in the United States have so increased in value that ranchmen are now looking to Mexico for good pasture at moderate prices.

A letter to Dr. F. S. Pearson from Mr. Edward D. Kenna, for many years First Vice-President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway Company, dealing with the prospects of the Railway, appears in the full prospectus.

TIMBER.

The Company is acquiring timber lands of vast extent, covering an area of over 2,700,000 acres, a great portion of which is covered with heavy pine forests, which will cut into lumber of the highest grades. Two large saw

mills are already constructed and ready for operation at Madeira, one of the termini of the Company's system, and it is proposed to construct another large mill at El Paso, or other convenient point, thus affording substantial profits to the Company through the operation of the lumber business.

Disregarding the value of the land for agricultural purposes, and estimating the value of the standing timber at \$2.50 per thousand, the figure mentioned by Mr. Hiram C. Smith, a well-known lumber operator and large owner of timber lands in Mexico, United States and Canada, in his letter given in the full prospectus, the value of the timber alone would be \$20,000,000.

The mills already built have a capacity of 100,000,000 ft. per year. The plant proposed to be built at El Paso will have a capacity of 175,000,000 ft. per year, making a combined output of 275,000,000 ft. of lumber per year. Such portions of the pine forests as have been already explored are estimated to have sufficient timber to keep these mills employed for thirty years. Much of the lands covered with timber will make fine agricultural land when cleared, and the remainder of the lands will be reforested.

The mills at Madeira should be in full operation by July 1st of this year, and it is estimated that the net revenue from operations from the railroad and such mills, including sale of ties, for the half-year ending December 31st, 1909, will be:—

Railroads, \$121,000; Mills, \$280,000. Total, \$401,000.

When the proposed railway extensions that are to be immediately undertaken and the mills at El Paso are completed, which is expected by the end of the year 1910, it is estimated that the net income of the Company for the year 1911, based upon the net earnings from the railways being about \$1,500 per mile of track and lumber sales being 175,000,000 ft. per year, will be:—

Railroads, \$900,000; Mills, \$1,200,000. Total, \$2,100,000.

The proceeds of the Bonds now offered have and will be applied in the acquisition, development and extensions of the properties before referred to, and for the other general purposes of the Company.

Allottees will be entitled, on payment of all the instalments due on the Bonds allotted to them, to receive from the Bank of Scotland in exchange for their Allotment Letters, with the Receipts for the Instalments, Provisional Scrip Certificates to Bearer, which will be subsequently exchanged for the Bonds.

An official quotation on the London Stock Exchange will be applied for in due course.

Full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which applications will alone be received) and Forms of Application can be obtained of the Bankers, the Bank of Scotland, Head Office, Edinburgh; 19 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C., and Branches; the Canadian Bank of Commerce, 2 Lombard Street, London, E.C.; at the London Office of the Company, 31 Bishopsgate Street Within; or of the Brokers for the Issue; and at the Office of Dunn, Fischer & Co., 41 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

March 6th, 1909.

Brokers for the Issue.

SPERLING & CO., Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

Officers and Directors of the Mexico Transportation Company, Limited.

F. S. PEARSON, President (New York), President, Rio de Janeiro Tramway Light and Power Company, Limited; Mexico Tramways Company.
E. D. KENNA, Vice-President (Chicago, Ill.), formerly 1st Vice-President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway Company.
ENRIQUE C. CREEL, Vice-President (Chihuahua), Governor of State Chihuahua, Vice-President Chihuahua and Pacific Railroad Company.
WALTER GOW, Vice-President (Toronto), Director, Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited.
HIRAM C. SMITH, Managing Director of Lumber Department (San Francisco, Cal.), formerly President Pacific Lumber Company.
SIR WM. C. VAN HORNE, K.C.M.G., Chairman, Canadian Pacific Railway Company.
E. N. BROWN (Mexico), President, National Railways of Mexico.
JULIO LIMANTOUR, Mexico Director, National Railways of Mexico.
GUILLERMO LANDA Y ESCANDON (Mexico), Senator of Federal Congress of Mexico.
E. R. WOOD (Toronto, Ont.), Director, Canadian Bank of Commerce.
W. T. ELDRIDGE (New York), of Strong, Sturges & Co., Bankers, New York.
R. C. BROWN (Mexico), Managing Director, Mexico Tramways Company.
H. M. HUBBARD (London), Director, Mexico Tramways Company.
MILLER LASH (Toronto), of Blake, Lash & Cassels, Toronto, Canada.

Bankers.

BANK OF SCOTLAND, Edinburgh, and 19 Bishopsgate Street Within, London.

Solicitors for the Company.

BLAKE, LASH & CASSELS, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
H. MALCOLM HUBBARD, Threadneedle House, London.
LOUIS RIBA, Mexico.

Trustees for the Bondholders.

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

THIS FORM MAY BE USED.

No

MEXICO TRANSPORTATION COMPANY LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada.

An application to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada is pending with the object of increasing the Company's powers and changing its name to

MEXICO NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

Sale at 290 Per Cent. of £2,400,000 5 Per Cent. First Mortgage 50-Year Gold Bonds.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR BONDS.

To THE BANK OF SCOTLAND, 19 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C. Gentlemen,—I hereby apply for and request that you will allot to me £..... of the above issue of 5 per cent. First Mortgage 50-Year Gold Bonds, and I hereby agree to buy, take and accept the same or any less amount thereof that you may allot to me upon the terms of the Prospectus dated the 6th March, 1909.

I enclose a remittance for £....., being the deposit which is payable on application at the rate of £10 for every £100 of the said Bonds applied for, and I agree to pay the further instalments payable in respect of the Bonds sold and allotted to me in accordance with the terms of the said Prospectus.

Ordinary Signature

Name (in full)

(State whether Mrs. or Miss.)

Address

Occupation

Date 1909.

PROSPECTUS.

The Subscription List will open on 9th March, 1909, and close on or before 12th March, 1909.

No part of this issue has been, or will be, underwritten.

THIS PROSPECTUS HAS BEEN FILED WITH THE REGISTRAR OF JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

LAW CAR

AND

General Insurance Corporation, Limited

Registered Office: 4 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

AUTHORISED CAPITAL, £350,000

Issue of an additional 250,000 Ordinary "B" Shares of £1 each, on which 5/- will be paid up, at a premium of 1/6 per Share, payable as follows:

2/6 per share on application.

4/- per share on 15th April, 1909.

It is not anticipated that any further calls will be made.

Directors:

SIR HENRY COTTON, K.C.S.I., M.P., 45 St. John's Wood Park, N.W.,
Chairman.
H. HALLIFAX WELLS (H. H. Wells & Sons, Solicitors, 17 Paternoster Row,
E.C.), Vice-Chairman.
W. MILLWOOD, Barrister-at-Law, Garden Court, Temple, Director, East
London Railway Co.
H. F. GILMOUR, Merchant, 5 Fen Court, E.C.
R. W. BRIMACOMBE, M.D., Colebrook Lodge, Putney Heath.
J. W. GREIG, 111 Canfield Gardens, N.W., Director, London General Omnibus
Co., Ltd.
CHARLES J. FOWLER, 13 Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W., Managing
Director.

Bankers:

LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANK, Ltd., 155-156 Cheapside, London,
E.C.

Solicitors:

NICHOLSON, GRAHAM & BEESLY, 24 Coleman Street, E.C.

Broker:

FRANK NEWSON-SMITH, 1 Draper's Gardens, London, E.C., and The Stock
Exchange.

Auditors:

CHARLES EVES & CO., Capel House, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

Chief Medical Officers:

R. L. CAUNTER, M.D., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., 45 Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.
ALGERNON TAYLOR, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., Walgrave, Strawberry Hill,
Twickenham.

Fire Manager:
JOHN CARSWELL.

Chief Accountant:
W. E. GARDINER.

Assistant Secretary: P. BALDWIN SMITH.

Managing Director and Secretary: CHARLES J. FOWLER.

Capital.—The LAW CAR and General Insurance Corporation, Limited, was established 4th August, 1906, with an Authorised Capital of £100,000, which has been fully subscribed.

Organisation.—The Corporation transacts all classes of Insurance business except Life, and possesses an exceedingly valuable organisation and extensive connections.

Progress, future Possibilities, and Special Reasons for Issue.—The remarkable progress of the Corporation is, so far as the Directors can ascertain, unparalleled in the history of Insurance; while the highly profitable results in the past, and the possibilities of a more extended and remunerative business in the future, have satisfied the Directors that the Policy of Expansion adopted by them, and which they propose to continue, will be materially assisted by the proposed increase in the financial resources of the Corporation.

Since the last General Meeting of the Corporation the Directors have had offers of business which they anticipate will increase the Premium Income of the Corporation by nearly 100 per cent., and they have signed a provisional contract to transact accident and general casualty business (not Fire), in the United States of America, under conditions exceedingly favourable to the Corporation, and under which large and valuable connections are secured. For this purpose a deposit of £50,000 will have to be made in approved securities with the Insurance Department of the State of New York. Casualty business in the United States is decidedly profitable, as will be gathered from the figures of the American business transacted by the four British Companies already doing this class of business there.

The following statistics have been compiled from the sworn statements made to the New York Insurance Department by each Company:—

NAME OF COMPANY.	During the Ten Years 1899 to 1908, both inclusive		Premium Income for 1908.
	Premiums Received.	Losses.	
Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation Ltd.	£4,432,904	£2,105,056	£641,298
General Accident of Perth	1,359,359	530,702	379,321
London Guarantee and Accident Co. Ltd.	2,539,801	1,208,707	361,439
Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.	3,032,622	1,323,692	507,581
TOTAL	£11,363,679	£5,168,157	£1,827,639

Past Results and Dividends.—The results of the past two years' business of the Corporation are shown in the following comparison:—

	Sept. 30, 1907.	Sept. 30, 1908.	
Capital Subscribed	£56,432	£100,000	Increase £43,570
" Paid up	12,909	24,355	Increase 11,446
Reserves and Credit Balance	41,833	92,809	Increase 50,976
Cash and Securities	27,876	92,445	Increase 64,569
Net Premium Income	68,130	191,930	Increase 123,800
Ratio of Expense to Premiums	30.2 %	28.3 %	Decrease 1.9 %

Dividend (Free of Income Tax) 5 % 10 %
Previous Profits and Reserves.—After making unusually stringent reserves, the Directors were in a position to recommend, if they had thought fit, a dividend of over 30 per cent. on the paid-up capital; but they have

followed the more prudent course of strengthening the Reserves, thus adding to the stability of the Corporation and augmenting future profit-earning capacity.

Current Year's business.—The business for the first five months of the current year is over 100 per cent. in excess of that for the corresponding period of last year.

Future Dividend Prospects.—It is estimated that, on completion of this issue, the additional business to be derived would (after making ample reserves) enable the Corporation to pay considerably higher dividends in the near future.

Insurance Shares as a First-class Investment.—The value of Insurance shares as a first-class and lucrative investment is well-known, and may be seen from the following figures extracted from Maclean and Henderson's "Prices of Insurance Companies Shares":—

NAME	Paid up per Share	PRICE 1908. Lowest	PRICE 1909. Week ending March 3, 1909	Last Annual Dividend
British Law Fire... ..	£ s. d.	75/-	87/6 92/6	% (1907)
Century	0 10 0	59/9	65/-	25
Commercial Union	2 0 0	14/-	15/- 15/-	60
Employers' Liability	2 0 0	8/-	9/- 10/-	30
Fine Art and General	1 0 0	6/-	7/- 7/-	10
Law Car A	1 0 0	27/6	33/-	10
" " B	0 5 0	5/9	7/6	10
London Guarantee and Accident	2 0 0	25/-	29/- 29/-	50
Railway Passenger	2 0 0	7/-	8/- 8/-	20
Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corp'n	1 0 0	4/-	5/- 5/-	27 1/2

Shares rank for full Dividend as from October 1, 1908.—

The shares now offered will rank *pari passu* with the existing shares, and will carry full Dividend as from 1st October last.

Priority of Allotment.—Existing Shareholders and Policyholders of the Corporation will receive priority of Allotment.

Interest chargeable on Arrears.—Interest at the rate of Five per cent. per annum will be chargeable upon payments in arrear, but failure to pay at the due date any instalment on shares allotted will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Minimum Subscription.—The minimum subscription on which the Directors will go to allotment is 50,000 Shares.

Brokerage.—A brokerage of threepence per share will be paid on shares allotted in respect of applications bearing a Broker's Stamp.

Stock Exchange Quotation.—Application will be made in due course for quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

Commission on Shares.—The Corporation paid Commissions amounting in the aggregate to £221. 9s. 6d. in respect of subscriptions for 15,038 Shares in the Corporation during a period of two years prior to the 2nd March, 1909.

A Contract has been entered into dated the 14th day of January, 1909, made between this Company of the one part, and Vincent Rowland Schenk, of Jersey City, County of Hudson, in the State of New Jersey, in the United States of America, of the other part.

Memorandum and Articles of Association.—Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and the Contract above referred to can be inspected any day during the issue of this prospectus at the offices of the Solicitor to the Corporation between the hours of 11 and 4.

Applications for Shares.—Applications may be lodged with the Corporation's Bankers or forwarded to the Head Office, 4 St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

Return of Deposit if no Allotment.—Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance of the deposit will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any excess returned to the applicant.

3rd March, 1909.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

No.
To the Directors of the
LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of Two Shillings and Sixpence per Share on "B" Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Corporation, I hereby request that you will allot to me that number of Shares upon the terms of the Corporation's Prospectus, filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that you may allot to me, and to pay the balance of four shillings per share on or before the 15th April, 1909, upon the terms of the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members as the holder of the Shares allotted to me.

Ordinary Signature

NOTE. Name (in full)

PLEASE (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (in full)

WRITE Profession or Business

DISTINCTLY. Dated.....1909.

Cheques should be made payable to the Corporation's Bankers—
THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LIMITED.

A separate remittance must accompany each application.

MESSRS CONSTABLE'S LIST

A NOTABLE WAGNER VOLUME. PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WAGNER.

By ANGELO NEUMANN. With 4 Illustrations.
Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"Call no man a perfect Wagnerite until he has read and digested this addition to Wagnerian literature, this delightful and interesting book."
Daily Telegraph.

A ROMANTIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY. THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

By FRANCIS GRIERSON, Author of "Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament." Demy 8vo. 6s. net.
Mr. Grierson is known to lovers of critical literature by two small volumes of excellent literary criticism. "The Valley of Shadows" has all the interest and movement of a fascinating and realistic romance.

THE DAYS OF GEORGE THE FOURTH. GLIMPSES OF THE TWENTIES.

By WILLIAM TOYNBEE, Author of "Vignettes of the Regency." With Photogravure Frontispiece and 24 Plates.
Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Toynbee has the town of that time in his mind's eye, its characters are those he lives with, their stories are his stories, and the living, flashing interplay of real life as it was lived in the twenties of last century seems to take form and colour under his pen.

"THINGS AS THEY ARE." ECONOMIC HERESIES: Being an Unorthodox Attempt to Appreciate the Economic Problems presented by "Things as They Are." By Sir NATHANIEL NATHAN. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

The author terms this work a study of the economics of reality, meaning thereby an estimate of historical and actual values as opposed to the abstract theorising of the economic schoolmen of the last century. The book is written from the point of view of a shrewd, impartial, unconventional observer, whose politics are subordinate to practical sociology.

FOR SPEAKERS AND READERS. NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE; or, A COMMON-SENSE POLICY. Cloth, 1s. net; paper, 6d. net.

"DAGONET" says in the *Referee*.—"I have received another excellent little book, entitled 'National Independence; or, a Common-sense Policy.' It is a sixpennyworth of 'Wisdom while you wait.' And the chapter on 'Universal Service' is a gem."

Forthcoming Six-Shilling Novels. PRISCILLA AND CHARYBDIS

F. FRANKFORD MOORE
THE SHADOW OF THE CATHEDRAL VINCENTE IBANEZ
THE ACTRESS LOUISE CLOSSER HALE
THE PERJURER W. E. NORRIS
THE STORY OF THYRZA ALICE BROWN
THE KING IN YELLOW (New Edition)
R. W. CHAMBERS

READY IMMEDIATELY. The Oxford and Cambridge Review LENT TERM.

THE WORKING MAN AS AN UNDERGRADUATE An Undergraduate
THE THEOLOGY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD H. W. GARROD
THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS: SOME DEFECTS IN
THEIR CURRICULUM, AND A REMEDY A. R. GIDNEY
THE RELIGION OF THE UNDERGRADUATE
ST. ROSE OF VITERBO Canon F. FOAKES JACKSON, D.D.
THE LAST BULLFIGHT AT SALVATERRA Sir HOME GORDON, BART.
THE OUTSTANDING BALKAN PROBLEM EDGAR PRESTAGE
THE ABUSE OF THE WORD "SCIENTIFIC" V. HUSSEY WALSH
OLD HEIDELBERG M. M. PATTISON MUIR
OXYGEN FOR ATHLETES H. K. PURCELL
THE CLEAR VISION Leonard Hill, M.B., F.R.S.
F. L. BICKLEY

Price 2s. 6d. net.
AT ALL BOOKSHOPS AND BOOKSTALLS.

10 ORANGE STREET, LONDON W.C. "THE COUNTRY HOME"

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS

CONQUERING THE ARCTIC ICE.

By EJNAR MIKKELSEN.

Profusely Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 20s. net.

"One of the most human and winning books of travel ever published—a book that attracts us as much by its lively personality as by the breadth and intimacy of those powers of observation to which it bears witness."
Daily Telegraph.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BARON DE FRÉNILLY PEER OF FRANCE. (1768-1828.)

With a Portrait, demy 8vo. 10s. net.

"Baron de Frénilly writes with all the Gallic vivacity and charm, while the dates show in what a stirring period he lived. . . . There are many vivid events vividly described in this enthralling volume."
Daily Chronicle.

AUTHORISED BY MR. WHISTLER.

THE LIFE OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER

By E. R. & J. PENNELL.

Profusely Illustrated in Photogravure and Half-tone, 2 vols.
crown 4to. 36s. net. THIRD AND REVISED EDITION.

"A masterly biography. It is rich in illustration of his personality as well as of his work."
Pall Mall Gazette.

COMPLETION OF A GREAT HISTORICAL WORK. THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF ROME.

By GUGLIELMO FERRERO.

5 vols. demy 8vo. 6s. net each volume.

Vol. V.—EAST AND WEST. The Republic of Augustus.

"Historical students have immediately recognised the sound scholarship upon which this work is based, while it attracts the general reader by its charm and sustained interest, its picturesqueness, and its insight into character."

ROMANCES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By G. LENOTRE,

Author of "Marie Antoinette." 2 vols. 20s. net.

"An admirable book. The author combines Professor Morse Stephens's zeal for burrowing in archives with Carlyle's delight in the human interest of his subject. All the stories are good."
Times.

New Six Shilling Novels.

A SECOND LARGE IMPRESSION IS NOW READY OF FRATERNITY

By JOHN GALSWORTHY,

Author of "The Man of Property" and "The Country House."
"There are many things in this book that are unforgettable; there are whole chapters that are masterpieces of delicate and restrained workmanship."
Standard.

RACHEL LORIAN. [2nd Imp.]

By Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY, Author of "Folly Corner," &c.
"It is the real thing."
Daily Telegraph.

UNCLE GREGORY.

By GEORGE SANDEMAN.

SYRINX.

By LAURENCE NORTH.

"It is seldom indeed that one meets a book at once so virile and so excellent in manner and matter."
Sketch.

THE CLIMBER.

By E. F. BENSON, Author of "Sheaves," &c.

"The heroine may be likened to the immortal figure of Becky Sharp. It must be acknowledged that Mr. Benson's study is eminently successful."
Spectator.

A PRINCE OF DREAMERS.

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

"As a romance the book is a fine one; the intrigues are closely knotted; there is an abundance of vivid colour and picturesque background; and the narrative power grows effectively to the climax."
Saturday Review.

9009.

By J. HOPPER and F. R. BECHDOLT.

2s. 6d.

"A grim and powerful little book, which will not fail to attract readers interested in the actualities and the possibilities of prison life."
Scotsman.

WM. HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.

SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 2,784 Vol. 107.

6 March 1909.

GRATIS.

TURGENEFF'S GERMAN LETTERS.

TO L. FREDLÄNDER.

1869—1882.

59.

Hôtel Byron, Rue Laflitte, Paris,

Monday, 29 March '69.

Sir,—I only received a few days ago the book which you were kind enough to send me to Baden, began it on my journey here, and am now reading it with the greatest interest and enjoyment. It is really quite a classic in its way, and I thank you heartily for the gift of it.*

At the end of April, Hetzel, a publisher here, is issuing a volume of my latest stories in a French translation. As soon as they appear I will hasten to let you have a copy.

I am staying here till the end of the week, and then going to Weimar. From 20 April onwards I shall be at Baden again. Are you never coming there? I should be so very pleased to make your personal acquaintance.

Believe me to be

Yours most faithfully,

I. TURGENJEW.

60

3 Thiergartenstrasse, Baden-Baden,

Thursday, 22 July '69.

Dear Sir,—I am sending you herewith the second volume of the selections from my works. Only the first of the four stories, "Eine Unglückliche", is new to you. I do not care for it at all myself—it is too pathological. I allowed myself to be persuaded to write it by an old recollection of my youth. I have refused every proposition that it should be translated into French—a German translator, as perhaps you know, has no need to ask the author's permission. But as the "Unglückliche" has got into print, I think that I ought not to refuse you the opportunity of reading the production, since you are always so kindly disposed towards my works. Some pictures of manners in it may perhaps interest you.

Are you not coming to Baden this year? I should be so delighted to make your acquaintance.

Believe me to be

Yours very truly,

I. TURGENJEW.

P.S.—I have just received the supplement to the "Allgemeine Zeitung" which you have been so kind as to send me, and I must repeat my hearty thanks for the high opinion you have of me. "Anhushka", or more properly "Assya", has, as you will see, already been translated into German. I do not know if I have already sent you my photograph. At any rate I do so now, merely in order to receive yours in exchange as a souvenir.

61.

3 Thiergartenstrasse, Baden-Baden,

Tuesday, 12 October '69.

My dear Friedländer,—I have received your letter and also the brochure on Menander,* which I have read with much interest. It gives an attractive picture of a witty, clever Greek of the best period, to whom the gods had given, perhaps even in excessive measure, the highest of their gifts, the franchise of moderation. The substratum of bitterness, which one feels throughout, was a novelty to me. The fragments have been pieced together with great acuteness.

I am glad that you have pleasant memories of Baden—we have no less pleasant memories of you.† We count on seeing you with us often. No distance can be called long now that we have the railway. I shall see you again in May on my way to Russia. Thank you for your information about "Psyche" and Carstens' compositions. I will certainly order the former.

I hope you will allow me to send you the complete collection of Mme. Viardot's songs and romances, and that they will give you as much pleasure as they give us. "Vor Gericht" is, of course, not among them, as it has not been printed, but perhaps I shall put a written copy of it in the parcel, and also a little sketch of Claudia's.‡

With all good wishes, believe me

Yours most sincerely,

I. TURGENJEW.

P.S.—I shall stay here till the end of December, and then perhaps I shall go (with the Viardots) to Weimar.

62.

3 Thiergartenstrasse, Baden-Baden,

Thursday, 11 November '69.

My dear Sir,—I am sending you the "Wunderliche Geschichte" and also some additions which only came into my hand when I was copying the original again for despatch to S. Petersburg. They are touches which, I feel sure, make the picture more definite.

I have read your essay§ with much pleasure. It is in complete agreement with my own innermost thoughts. I am by nature a realist and a child of my age, but I love and respect what is ancient and, above all, the ancient method of artistic production. I am very glad that you enjoy Mme. Viardot's romances. They are of an unquestionably distinctive musical type—and that is not often the case. Claudia has drawn me a very beautiful Holy Family for my birthday. We all want to go to Weimar so that she may have an opportunity of studying there, but it seems to be very difficult to find a comfortable place to live in.

Frau Droste's story|| has made a great impression on me by its strength and also, I must say, by its glaring crudity of conception, but the action of it is forced hither and thither in such a way that at the end one has not really grasped anything of the whole tale. All the same, she has great talent, though it has not yet found a steady foothold.

Perhaps we shall meet in Berlin. With heartiest good wishes,

Yours most sincerely,

I. TURGENJEW.

* A critical study of Menander by Horkel.

† Friedländer came to see Turgeneff for the first time in September 1869, accompanied by Pietsch.

‡ A daughter of Mme. Viardot's.

§ "Ueber die antike Kunst im Gegensatz zur modernen."

|| "Die Judenbüche" by Annette Droste-Hülshoff.

* Evidently the first volume of Friedländer's best-known work, "Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine", published between 1862 and 1871.

63.

3 Thiergartenstrasse, Baden-Baden,

Monday, 29 August '70.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 18th only arrived yesterday—it must have been ten whole days on the way—and I hasten to answer it. I had intended to stop a few hours at Königsberg on my way back from Russia, but since I did not leave S. Petersburg till 18 July I was obliged to hurry back on account of the impending danger of war. As it was I had great trouble to reach Baden; the very next day the railways were occupied by troop trains. We had packed our things more than once so that we could migrate to Wildbad or even further away, but the unexpectedly fortunate course which the war has taken has made everything quieter than ever here, very quiet but very empty. Our slight feeling of ennui is dispelled by the constant excitement of anticipation, and perhaps that is a good thing—it preserves our mental equilibrium.

I need not tell you that I side with the Germans with my whole soul. This is really a war of civilisation against barbarism, but not barbarism in the French sense of the word. Bonapartism must be given the happy despatch, whatever it costs, if the public morality, liberty and independence of Europe is to have a future at all. How hideously false, how utterly useless and trivial, this great nation is proving itself to be! It must have its Jena too, its Sebastopol, its Königgrätz, and if it does not understand how to profit by the lesson, there will be an end of it.

For the last few days we have been hearing constant heavy firing in the distance. Strassburg is being bombarded. It is very painful and melancholy, but it cannot be helped.

The dissertation on the death penalty* which you mention would interest me very much, and I should be grateful if you could let me have it. The translation of "Tropmann's Last Night"† is unfortunately rather erratic and contains some bad blunders.

With heartiest good wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

I. TURGENJEW.

64.

4 Bentinck Street, Manchester Square,

Friday, 6 January 1871.

Dear Sir,—I only received your letter of 23 December a few days ago. In the general confusion the post-office is not so punctual as it used to be. I am very sorry that I shall not find you in Berlin; very probably I shall be able to stop a day at Königsberg, and in any case I shall see you there. My departure from here has been postponed for a little while, and I shall not reach Berlin till the end of January.

I wrote to the publisher in Riga to let you have a copy of the "Nest of Nobles", but I gather from what you say that you have not yet received it. The publication of the "Lear of the Steppes" has begun in the "Nordische Presse". "On the Eve" was so named rather with reference to the moment of its appearance (in 1860, a year before the emancipation of the serfs) than on account of its actual contents. A new world was born in Russia, and such characters as Helen and Insaroff seem like presages of what occurred among us later.

Au revoir in the near future, with my heartiest good wishes. The Viardots are as well as patriotic French people can be.

Most sincerely yours,

I. TURGENJEW.

65.

48 Rue de Douai, Paris,

Sunday, 20 April '73.

My dear Sir,—I have to give you my best thanks for the brochure which you have been kind enough to send

* A brochure by Professor Jahn, in Virchow's collection.

† An article by Turgeneff on Tropmann's execution, at which he himself was present.

me. I have read it with the greatest interest. I have found, as I always do in your works, not only striking thoughts on an important subject but also a searching analysis of the very essence of the matter, and I have also learnt many facts of which I was unaware. I am delighted that you still remember me so well.

I have learnt, through my friends L. Pietsch and Jul. Schmidt in Berlin, that my publisher at Mitau, E. Behre, whom I commissioned to send them (as well as you) the six volumes of my selected works, has contented himself with despatching the first three volumes only. Since then I have written to him and put the matter straight, but I am afraid that, in your case, he may have behaved in the same negligent way. If it is so, please let me know, and I will remind Herr Behre of his duty.

I shall leave Paris on 15 May, and go to Carlsbad via Vienna for six weeks, for the sake of my gout. Then I shall go to Russia via Königsberg. What are your plans and where do you think you will be in July? I should be infinitely pleased to see you again. Perhaps you will be coming to Vienna? I shall be there five or six days.

Heartiest good wishes.

Yours very sincerely,

I. TURGENJEW.

66.

48 Rue de Douai, Paris,

2 April '74.

My dear Sir,—I feel downright ashamed of myself when I think how long I have owed you a letter. It is quite inexcusable, and therefore I shall not attempt to apologise, but simply throw myself on your kindness.

I shall leave Paris in three weeks' time and go to Russia via Berlin and Königsberg. This time I will make every effort to give myself the pleasure of seeing you and having a talk with you. But I am not writing this letter merely to tell you that. Here is the little snake which "in herba latet". You will probably receive within the next few days my friend Flaubert's recently published book "La Tentation de Saint Antoine". I have sent it to you and recommend it most warmly to G., the talented and thorough critic, of the "A.* Allgemeine Zeitung". The work, in my opinion, is highly important, and if you, as I hope, share my opinion and also think it worth while to discuss this literary phenomenon, you would give great pleasure to my friend and make me your grateful debtor. And so dixi et animam meam salvavi.

I am living here with the Viardots. They are well, and send their kindest regards. Have you received the "lettre de faire part" with regard to that joyful event, the marriage of the eldest daughter? I am pretty well; lately the gout has been worrying me a little. And you, my good professor, how are you getting on? Are you quite well? I should be heartily pleased to have a few lines in reply.

Au revoir. My heartiest greetings and good wishes.

Yours,

I. TURGENJEW.

67.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,

Thursday, 27 January '76.

My dear Herr Friedländer,—I really do not know how to find excuses for my long silence, and so I prefer simply to throw myself on your mercy. I have received your two very interesting enclosures, and have never even thanked you for them. The paper on which I am writing must surely bear a reflection of my blushes.

I have not done badly during the past year. Shortly after we travelled in company I had a violent attack of gout in Russia, which did not come to an end till the beginning of February 1875, that is to say a year ago, and since that my ailment has pretty well left me in peace. I spent six weeks in the summer at Carlsbad. I have

* i.e. Augsburg. —TRANSLATOR.

done next to no work, only one quite tiny story, which will appear (in a translation) in the February number of the "Deutsche Rundschau", and which I commend to your attention. My long novel, which I began a few years ago, is progressing very slowly. How are you getting on yourself? Write me a few lines—they will give me the greatest pleasure—in spite of my idleness and long silence. Perhaps I shall go to Russia at the end of April. If I really do and you are still in Königsberg at that time, I will certainly stop there a day and fulfil the promise which I have made so often.

Have you come across Taine's "Les origines de la société moderne en France"—first part "L'ancien régime"? If not, procure it; it is a most creditable book. There are not many Frenchmen who are capable of such solid and impartial work. The whole is rather colourless, but the mass of facts and quotations speaks for itself.

Here the republic of moderates seems to be settling down to domestic life. It has found a striking leader and a most capable personality in Gambetta. Who would have expected it in such a windbag of a lawyer? At all events he is the greatest French statesman at the present day.

Please give Frau Friedländer my kindest regards. With feelings of sincere attachment, I am

Yours very sincerely,
I. TURGENJEW.

P.S.—The Viardots, who are very well, send their best remembrances.

68.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,

Monday, 11 November '78.

Dear Professor,—My best thanks for your kind telegram. I was delighted to know that you had not forgotten me. I feel utterly ashamed that I pass through Königsberg so often without stopping there and coming to see you. On my next journey I will not fail to do so.

I hope you are well and happy. I am fairly well content with my own health, and have been able to take long journeys to Russia and England without any visitation of the gout. The Viardots are all well too, and send their kindest regards.

I shall probably be going to S. Petersburg as early as February. I do not know if I have thanked you for what you have sent me. What you send is always welcome, and you cannot feel any doubt that I always read it with much care and satisfaction.

Probably you will not receive anything of mine for some time. I have laid down my pen, and so far feel well contented with my determination. I do not live in Russia enough, and I should only repeat what I have written already. Faciant meliora potentes.

Remember me to your wife. With feelings of sincere attachment,

I am yours most sincerely,
I. TURGENJEW.

69.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,

26 December 1878.

My dear Herr Friedländer,—I wanted to thank you long ago for your interesting present,* but to-day is the first time for eighteen days that I have been able to sit down comfortably to write. My old enemy the gout, after an eight months' truce, attacked me violently again, and nailed me to my bed, as the French say. But I am better now, and hope I shall not have to remain stationary very long.

The portrait is not much of a likeness, but it has a special interest for me, and I thank you again most heartily. Mme. Viardot also sends her thanks and kind regards.

My journey to S. Petersburg has been postponed for a little while, but not beyond the beginning of March in

any case. I am determined this time not to pass through Königsberg without stopping. Most probably I shall take the morning train from Berlin. I will let you know by telegram.

Many thanks for wishing me to take up the pen again, but up to now I have felt no impulse to do anything of the kind. Byron's Manfred (a queer sort of chap I don't much care about, bye and bye*) says at the end of the tragedy, "Old man, it's not so difficult to die". That's what I feel inclined to say, substituting "not to write" for "to die". It seems quite natural.

Give my kindest regards to your wife. With heartiest greetings and good wishes,

Yours very sincerely,
TURGENJEW.

70.

Les Frênes, Bougival, Seine-et-Oise,

11 July '82.

Dear Professor,—Your letter was a touching one. I do not send you mere thanks for it, but I am glad to have inspired such sympathy in such a man as yourself.

I have not read what Pietsch has written about me; probably his friendship for me has led him to exaggerate. Unfortunately one thing is certain—my ailment, even though it is not dangerous and not intolerably painful, must be classed among those that doctors cannot cure. The worst of it is that, as long as it lasts, travel and work are out of the question. Resignation alone remains.

I send you my heartiest greetings and every sort of good wish.

Yours most sincerely,
I. TURGENJEW.

P.S.—I don't know if you already possess the enclosed photograph. It is the best existing likeness of myself.

P.S.S.—The Viardots send their kindest regards.

[The following four letters must be added to the correspondence with L. Pietsch.]

I.

48 Rue de Douai, Paris,

15 December '71.

Dear Pietsch,—So, after all this silence, you have at last made up your mind to give some sign of life. But, most magnificent Pietsch, you have never been so hopelessly illegible. I could scarcely decipher half your letter.

Everything is all right here, except that the house is still in utter chaos. There are no longer any workmen in Paris, and those there are refuse to work. Mme. Viardot is very busy and as cheerful as possible. I have scarcely seen anyone yet, as I was ill after I arrived—this accursed gout. Since then I have revised and recast my story "The Torrents of Spring", and so I have seen nothing of Paris life. I have no notion when this story will be translated into French, and I am not moving a finger to help it; so I do not know at all when you will be able to read this last product of my brain. As to "Toc-Toc", it really isn't worth while. A trifle like that doesn't deserve translation.

I sympathise deeply with your melancholy feelings, but I can't help thinking that "there's a silver lining to every cloud". Everything will come all right.

The Republic is just like a public convenience. Everyone takes note of its existence, but no one will admit that he has had anything to do with it. Probably the tide will set in favour of the Orleans people, but there will be a row before it does. However, we shall see.

French hatred of Germany is really colossal—there is nothing else which is colossal in France just now.

We shall meet again in January for certain. Meanwhile keep well, and remember me to your dear ones and our friends.

Yours,
I. TURGENJEFF.

* Mme. Viardot's portrait, drawn in 1843 by W. Menzel.

* Sic in text.—TRANSLATOR.

II.

48 Rue de Douai, Paris,

9 January '72.

Of course I am still here, dear Pietsch, and shall not go to Russia till towards the middle of January, but I shall certainly spend two days in Berlin on my way.

Musical matters are very dull here. Mme. Viardot is very busy, and she is better in health, and the house will soon be fit to receive visitors. Personally I am living like a snail in its shell, and am only too pleased to live so; otherwise I should be driven to believe that France is sick unto death.

My youngest child, as you call it, will appear on 19 January at S. Petersburg in the "European Courier". I do not know when it will be translated, perhaps soon, perhaps later on, perhaps never; but as soon as it is translated you shall certainly be the first to have it. No doubt it is an immoral book, but a Mithridates like yourself has swallowed worse poisons than that and been all the better for it. It's quite true; the tide is ever setting seaward. We are going ever downhill, downhill, and there we see in front of us the blind, dumb, grey, cold, dull, all-devouring night of eternity!

In lapidary style* I solemnly record that I know nothing whatever about those "Confessions". I have never written any, and I cannot understand who can have concocted them. But I should like to read the stuff, all the same.

Remember me to all our dear friends, and look after yourself. Yours, I. TURGENEFF.

P.S.—Is Herr von Werner† really such a great painter?

III.

48 Rue de Douai, Paris,

Monday, 18 March '72.

My dear Pietsch,—I ought to have answered your kind letter long ago, but please think that, though I may be a lazy brute, I am not ungrateful. I was very happy to hear that you still felt an affection for me, and I have blamed myself for ever having doubted it.

We are passing our time very tolerably here. Mme. Viardot has sung twice at the Conservatoire and at Padeloup's concerts with quite enormous success. That has put her in much better spirits, and she is full of pluck and cheerfulness, but all the same she is working too hard. The family are very well too.

I am dozing along and getting ready for my journey to Russia. I leave Paris on 20 April, and go through Baden, where I shall stop a few days, to Berlin and so onwards. We shall certainly meet about 29 April.

They have arranged an exhibition here of pictures, sketches &c., by M. Regnault (the Regnault who was so unfortunately shot last year, a few days before the conclusion of peace). It is well worth the trouble (what is the gender of trouble?) of coming here to see it. Regnault is unquestionably the greatest colourist of modern times. Just think of all he might have done!

Very best remembrances to yourselves and all our friends. Keep well and cheerful. Au revoir.

Yours, I. TURGENEFF.

IV.

Maison Ruhant, Saint-Valery-sur-Somme,

Saturday, 19 July '72.

Pitschissime carissime,—You have probably already heard that I have missed you once again. It really looks

* Compare Charles Lamb's letter to Ayrton in Talfourd's Final Mem. X. 101.—TRANSLATOR.

† The present President of the Academy of Art in Berlin.

like a fatality, as they say in "La Belle Hélène". At the present moment I am living in a charming, very picturesque, and peaceable spot.* Unfortunately, I have the gout again, and can scarcely creep about with a pair of crutches. The accursed thing has lasted already more than a month. There is nothing for it but patience.

The Viardots are all very well. They all have an appalling appetite, sleep like ogres, and pass their time in the most thorough-going idleness. There is only one thing which is not quite right. Mme. Viardot's thumb is still swollen and painful, and that reminds me of a famous ointment from Berlin which was once so beneficial to me. If I am not mistaken, the maker was called Zimmermann, a barber or a surgeon, at 90 Rosenthaler-strasse. Would you be so kind, my dear Pietsch, as to go there straightaway, buy a little pot of it, and send it here without loss of time? If you cannot send it here, at any rate send it to me at 48 Rue de Douai, Paris. You can forward the little packet by letter post. You won't be long doing it, will you?

I have become a grandfather—at last! My daughter gave birth the day before yesterday to a little daughter, which, they say, is doing very well. Good-bye. Remember me to your dear ones and our friends.

I shall be here till the end of September.

"Vale et me ama."

I. TURGENEFF.

* For a description of Saint-Valery-sur-Somme see Anatole France, "Pierre Nozière", III. 3.—TRANSLATOR.

**** The publication of Turgeneff's German Letters in English will be resumed in the SATURDAY REVIEW early in June, and will go on through three or four issues.*

NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:—

	United Kingdom.			Abroad.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One Year ...	—	1	8	—	1	10
Half Year ...	—	0	14	—	0	15
Quarter Year ...	—	0	7	—	0	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Publisher would be glad to be informed immediately.